

THE
WORKS
OF
EDMUND WALLER, Esq;
IN
PROSE and VERSE.

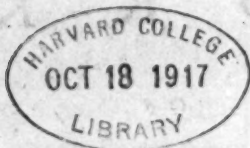
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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley.

LET others boast the nine AONIAN maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet-resounding shades;
Where PHOEBUS heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the Laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain! Nor PHOEBUS, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the Fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When WALLER kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright HARLEY of that wond'ring age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The GRACES sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:
But, fir'd to fame by SIDNEY's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realm he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by nature form'd to please the Fair,
Or sing of Heroes with majestic air,

To melting strains attun'd her voice and strove
 To waken all the tender Pow'rs of love ;
 More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
 Than Juno grac'd with CYTHEREA's zone.

As Angels love, congenial souls unite
 Their radiance, and refine each other's light :
 The florid, and sublime the grave, and gay,
 From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray :
 Illumin'd thence in equal Lays to bound
 Their copious sense, and harmonise the sound ;
 With varied Notes the curious ear to please,
 And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
 Maker, and model, of melodious verse !

Accept these votive honours at thy herse.
 While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
 Infuse thy Genius, and my fancy raise !
 So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
 To ORPHEUS pay the song his Shade inspires.

In WALLER's fame, O fairest HARLEY ! view
 What verdant palms shall owe their birth to You.
 To You what deathless charms are thence decreed,
 In Sacharrissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
 Secure beneath the wing of with'ring TIME,
 Her beauties flourish in Ambrosial prime :
 Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state ;
 Gods, Nymphs, and Heroes, on her triumph wait.
 Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
 In purest minds may stain the virgin white :
 How bright, and chaste, the Poet and his Theme
 So Cynthia shines on ARRETHUSA's stream.
 A fainted VIRTUE to the spheres may sing
 Those strains, that ravish'd here the Marty-King.
 Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
 Politely form'd, to profit and to please,

DEDICATION.

To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name;
Thus EDEN's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd :
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound :
Fancy persu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd ;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd Fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star,
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
Where SPRING resides in soft ELYSIAN bow'rs ;
While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear,
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;
When You to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes ;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mein ;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene :
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd !
That Angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd MORN awakes the MAY,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care.
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow !
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow :

DEDICATION

Her TITIAN tints the PAINTER-Nymph resumes;
 The canvas warm with roscate beauty blooms:
 Inspir'd with life by SCULPTURE's happy toil,
 The marble breathes, and softens with your smile:
 Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
 The fairest model of the fairer kind:
 But hear, O hear the MUSE's heav'nly voice!
 The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:
 Attend, ye gales! to MARGARETA's praise;
 And all ye list'ning LOVES record the Lays!
 So, PHILOMELA charms th' IDALIAN grove,
 When VENUS, in the glowing Orb of love,
 O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
 The first, the brightest, of the starry train.

What fav'rite Youth assign the Fates to rise,
 In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
 Whether his father's Garter'd shield sustains
 Trophies, achiev'd on GALLIA's viny plains:
 Or, smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
 The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:
 Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite Youth assign'd,
 With each ennobling grace of form, and mind;
 In merit make him great, as great in blood;
 Great without pride, and amiably good:
 His breast the guardian Ark of heav'n born law,
 To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
 In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
 Not fear'd, but honour'd; and with love obey'd
 In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
 Wise, brave, and studious to support the State.
 With candour firm; without ambition, bold;
 No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
 That Heav'n may judge the choicest blessings due;
 And give the various Good compriz'd in You.

E. FANTOM.

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OF THE
D A N G E R
H I S
M A J E S T Y
(BEING PRINCE)

Escaped in the Road at SAINT ANDERO.

NOW had his HIGHNESS bid farewell to SPAIN,
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r, the Main;
With BRITISH bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' HESPERIAN Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great MADRID.
Healths to both Kings. attended with the roar
Of cannons echo'd from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
BACCHUS the seed of cloud-compelling JOVE :
While to his harp divine ARION sings
The loves, and conquests, of our ALBION Kings.
Of the fourth EDWARD was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young :
He rent the crown from vanquish'd HENRY's head ;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red :

VOL. I.

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'Till LOVE, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
 Brought MARS and WARWICK to the conquer'd side :
 Neglected WARWICK (whose bold hand, like Fate,
 Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)
 Woos for his Master ; and, with double shame,
 Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
 The Lady BONA ; whom just anger burns,
 And foreign war with civil rage returns.
 Ah ! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame ;
 Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same :
 When FRANCE shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring eyes
 Have made the best of ENGLISH hearts their prize ;
 Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
 And change again the counsels of our State.

WHAT the prophetic Muse intends, alone
 To him that feels the secret wound, is known.

WITH the sweet sound of this harmonious Lay,
 About the keel delighted dolphins play ;
 Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
 Which must anon this Royal troop engage :
 To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
 Within the town commanded by our fleet.

THESE mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
 Proud with the burden of so brave a charge ;
 With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
 NEPTUNE's smooth face, and clave the yielding Deep :
 Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
 Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
 As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
 Their force at foot-ball care of victory
 Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
 That their encounter seems too rough for jest ;
 They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
 Tost to and fro, is urged by them all :

So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold BRITONS still securely row'd;
CHARLES and his virtue was their sacred load:
Than which a greater pledge heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should out-live.

BUT storms increase; and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the PRINCE's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel, (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver THAMES to ride,)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
As TITAN's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his * advent'rous son,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire,
Th' impatient sea grows impotent, and raves,
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on ev'ry side:

So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire:

THE pale IBERIANS had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the PRINCE with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their Court before:
God like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

* Phæton.

4 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Great MARO cou'd no greater tempest-feign,
 When the loud winds usurping on the Main,
 For angry JUNO, labor'd to destroy
 The hated reliques of confounded TROY ;
 His bold ÆNEAS, on like billows tost
 In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
 Dissolves with fear ; and, both his hands upheld,
 Proclaims them happy whom the GREEKS had quell'd
 In honourable fight : our Hero set
 In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
 So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
 Than ever PRIAM, when he flourish'd, wore ;
 His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
 His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
 That argues fear : if any thought annoys
 The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untasted joys ;
 And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
 For which he lately pawn'd his heart in FRANCE ;
 Where he had seen a brighter Nymph, than * she
 That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
 That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,
 The conquer'd ocean could not make expire ;
 Nor angry THETIS raise her waves above
 Th' heroic PRINCE's courage, or his love :
 'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
 The shrine shou'd perish, where that image dwelt.
 Ah LOVE forbid ! the noblest of thy train
 Should not survive to let her know his pain :
 Who not his peril minding, nor his flame,
 Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
 Among the bright nymphs of the GALLICK Court ;
 All highly born, obsequious to her sport :
 They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
 But half reveal, and half their beauties hide :

* Venus.

She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
 Upon her smiling leaves, and gilds them so;
 Like bright *AURORA*, whose refulgent ray
 Foretels the fervour of ensuing day:
 And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
 To leafie shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From *CUPID*'s string of many shafts that shed,
 Wing'd with those plumes which noble *FAME* had shed,
 As through the wond'ring world she flew, and told
 Of his adventures, haughty brave, and bold;
 Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid;
 But *LOVE*'s first summons seldom are obey'd:
 Light was the wound, the *PRINCE*'s care unknown,
 She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
 His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
 That with delight those antique tales she hears
 Of *JASON*, *THESEUS*, and such worthies old,
 As with the story best resemblance hold.
 And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
 What old *MUSÆUS* so divinely sung:
 Which art with life and love did so inspire,
 That she discerns, and favours that desire,
 Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to swim,
 And in *LEANDER*'s danger pities him:
 Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
 To frame his story like that amorous *GREEK*'s,
 For from the stern of some good Ship appears
 A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
 New courage from reviving hope they take,
 And climbing o'er the Waves, that taper make;
 On which the hope of all their lives depends.
 As his on that fair *HERO*'s hand extends.
 The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
 Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;

6 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Whose rage restrained, foaming higher swells,
 And from her port the weary barge repels,
 Threatning to make her, forced out again,
 Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
 Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
 Would not be moved for our sister States:
 For ENGLAND is the third successful throw,
 And then the Genius of that land they know:
 Whose PRINCE must be (as their own books devise)
 Lord of the scene where now his danger lies
 Well sung the ROMAN bard: "all human things
 "Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
 O see the then sole hope, and in design
 Of Heav'n our joy, supported by a line!
 Which for that instant was Heav'n's care above,
 The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
 On which the fabric of the world depends;
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

*Of His MAJESTY's receiving the News of the Duke of
 BUCKINGHAM's Death.*

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
 No sense of danger interrupt thy pray'r?
 The sacred wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
 Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heav'n:
 Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
 When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
 As to thy present state was no less maim;
 Tho' thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
 Bold HOMER durst not so great virtue feign
 In his * best pattern: of PATROCLUS slain,

* Achilles.

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With such amazement as weak mothers use,
 And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
 Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
 Of war, impos'd by Royal HECION's lance :
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command,

† The famous painter cou'd allow no place
 For private sorrow, in a Prince's face :
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
 'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
 Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiss,
 Their PHOEBUS shou'd not act a sonder part
 For the ‡ fair boy, than he did for his hart †.
 Nor blame for HYACINTHUS' fate his own,
 That kept from him wish'd death, had'it thou been known.

He that with thine shall weigh good DAVID's deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds :
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
 But let false ZIBA with his heir divide :
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
 Like that of Heav'n, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmov'd ; and yet, like woman, kind !
 Which of the antient Poets had not brought
 Our CHARLES's pedigree from heav'n ; and taught
 How some bright dame, comprest by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love ?

† Timautbes.

‡ Cyparissus.

POEMS UPON SEVERAL

To the KING on his NAVY.

WHERE-E'ER thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
 The FRENCH, and SPANIARD, when thy Flags appear,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
 So JOVE from IDA did both hosts survey,
 And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
 Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
 The mightiest still upon the smallest sed:
 Thou on the Deep imposest nobler laws;
 And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
 Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
 Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
 Now shall the Ocean, as thy THAMES, be free
 From both those fates, of storms, and piracy.
 But we most happy, who can fear no force
 But winged troops, or PEGASEAN horse:
 'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
 Another nation, as to touch our soil.
 Should nature's self invade the world again,
 And o'er the centre spread the liquid Main,
 Thy pow'r were safe; and her destructive hand
 Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
 Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
 Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.
 The world's restorer once cou'd not endure,
 That finish'd BABEL shou'd those men secure,
 Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
 Above the reach of any second flood:
 To thee his chosen more indulgent, He
 Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

OCCASIONS. 19

On the taking of SALLE.

OF JASON, THESEUS, and such Worthies old,
 Light seem the tales antiquity has told.
 Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress,
 Some places only and some times, infest
 SALLE that Scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
 Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
 And future ages threatening with a rude,
 And savage race, successively renew'd:
 Their King despising with rebellious pride,
 And foes profess'd to all the world beside:
 This pest of mankind goes our Hero fame,
 And thro' th' obliged world dilates his name.

THE Prophet once to cruel AGAO said,
 As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
 So shall the sword make thine: and with that word
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
 Just CHARLES like measure has return'd to these,
 Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas:
 With ships, they made the spoiled merchant mourn;
 With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
 One squadron of our winged castles sent
 O'erthrew their fort and all their Navy rent
 For not content the dangers to increase,
 And act the part of tempests in the seas:
 Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
 Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore.
 Safely they might on other nations prey:
 Fools to provoke the sov'reign of the sea!
 Mad CACUS so, whom like ill fate persuades,
 The herd of fair AECMENA's seed invades:

MOROCCO's Monarch wondring at this fact,
 Save that his presence his affairs exact,

10 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Had come in person, to have seen and known
The injur'd world's revenger, and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

Upon his MAJESTY's repairing of St, PAUL's.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel, which th' Apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon MELITA's shore,
Than did his Temple in the sea of time:
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the * first Monarch of this happy isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire has to perfection brought.
He, like Amphion makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in sound.

Those antique minstrels sure were CHARLES like kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects hearts their strings;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apostle; and deface
Those state obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:

* K. James I.

Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have born her name;
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness of his mind:
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury, of all-impairing age;
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new one, but the old refine:
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument, or hand.
For, doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it shou'd amend:
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.

Not ought, which SHEBA's wond'ring Queen beheld
Amongst the works of SOLOMON, excell'd
His ships, and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.

WHILE the propitious heav'n's this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance, than our vital food.

The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The KING built all; but CHARLES, the western end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heav'n!

LAOMEDON, that had the Gods in pay,
 NEPTUNE, with him * that rules the sacred day,
 Cou'd no such structure raise : TRÖY wall'd so high,
 Th' ATRIDES might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
 To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things :
 They list not urge it to the dreadful field ;
 The task is easier to destroy, than build;

* * * Sic gratia Regum
 Pieriis tentat a modis * * *

HORAT.

To the QUEEN, occasion'd upon sight of Her MAJESTY's
 Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble sight
 Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
 Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes :
 And all access, save by this art, denies,
 Here only we have courage to behold
 This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
 In numbers thus the wonders we conceive :
 The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
 Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen ;
 And by our Muse saluted, Mighty QUEEN :
 In whom the extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
 The QUEEN of BRITAIN, and the QUEEN of love !

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
 Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
 Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
 T' extend his light and moderate his heat :
 So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
 As your high Majesty with awful fear

* *Apollis.*

In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to mens hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts :
Your Beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves ;
With admiration ! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred CHARLES his) never love durst fly,
Heav'n, that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command :
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a QUEEN.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, with a guard.
No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals LOVE's empire, both in heaven and earth ;
Such eyes as yours on JOVE himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning. as his own :
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' HESPERIAN Dame ;
When, like a lion finding, in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey ;
The Royal Youth, pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the GALIC Court ;
There public care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought :
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free faith of your * Great Brother prove :
With his † ACHATES, breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud ;

* Lewis XIII. K. of France. † D. of Buckingham.

14 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outshine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So, when the fair LUCOTHOE he espy'd,
To check his Steeds impatient PHOEBUS earn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so!
Not so divine a flame. since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
Nor shall, 'till piety and they return.

Of the QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build,
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field
But if (the promise of a cloudless Day)
AURORA smiling bids her rise and play;
Then strait she shews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note she fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light, which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muse, like bold PROMETHEUS, flies,
To light her Torch at GLORIANA's eyes.

THOSE sov'reign beams, which heal the wounded soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!
There the poor lover that has long indur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond Passion cur'd,

Fares like the man, who first upon the ground
 A glow-worm spy'd; supposing he had found
 A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
 For life it had, and like those jewels shone:
 He held it dear, till by the springing Day
 Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

Suz saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
 By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away:
 This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
 High heav'n, and these Expostulations use.

" Cou'd nature then no private woman grace,
 " Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
 " Such a complexion, and so radiant Eyes,
 " Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
 " Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
 " What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?

Thus, in a starry night, fond children cry
 For the rich spangles that adorn the sky;
 Which, tho' they shine for ever fixed there,
 With light and influence relieve us here.
 All her affections are to one inclin'd;
 Her bounty and compassion, to mankind:
 To whom while she so far extends her grace,
 She makes but good the promise of her face:
 For mercy has, cou'd mercy's self be seen,
 No sweeter look than this propitious QUEEN.
 Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
 From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
 That whom ill fate wou'd ruin, it prefers;
 For all the miserable are made hers.
 So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
 But shade, and shelter, to the flock allows,

16 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Joy of our age, and safety of the next !
 For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext :
 Nobly contended, for the public good,
 To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood :
 What vast hopes may those islands entertain,
 Where Monarchs, thus descended, are to reign ?
 Led by commanders of so fair a line,
 Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.

A brave romance who wou'd exactly frame,
 First brings his knight from some immortal dame :
 And then a weapon and a flaming shield,
 Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield :
 None might the mother of ACHILLES be,
 But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea :
 The man † to whom great MARO gives such fame,
 From the high bed of heavenly VENUS came ;
 And our next CHARLES, whom all the stars design
 Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

The APOLOGY of SLEEP,

*For not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but sleep
 when she pleaseth.*

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
 Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care :
 Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
 On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,
 Whom heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have plac'd
 Above those ills, which wretched mortals taste.
 Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, she
 From all that may infringe delight is free :

* *Tibetis.*

† *Aeneas.*

Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
 And not his mother with more haste obeys.
 Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
 What dream can I present to recompense?

Shou'd I with lightning fill her awful hand,
 And make the clouds seem all at her command:
 Or place her in OLYMPUS' top, a guest
 Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast:
 That pow'r would seem, that entertainment, short
 Of the true splendor of her present Court;
 Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
 Of three great kingdoms sever'd from the care.
 Is that of fumes and humid vapours made,
 Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
 No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
 To over-cast her evershining mind:
 Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
 Where flowing NILUS want of rain supplies;
 That chrystal heav'n, where PHOEBUS never shrouds
 His golden beams, nor wraps his Face in clouds.
 But what so hard that numbers cannot force?
 So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course:
 The bold * MÆONIAN made me dare to sleep
 JOVE's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep,
 And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
 I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r,
 Where GLORIANA their great mistress lies;
 But gently taming those victorious eyes,
 Charm all her senses: 'till the joyful Sun
 Without a rival half his course has run:
 Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
 May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

C 3

* Homers.

18 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

P U E R P E R I U M.

YOU Gods that have the pow'r
To trouble, and compose
All that's beneath your Bow'r,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair VENUS, in thy soft arms:
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whispers are the Charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his Breast can'st tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
Make heav'n smile,
That no Storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care, our HALYCON, builds her nest.

Great GEORIANA! fair GEORIANA!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth;
Whose beaty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

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To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE upon her Landing.

Great QUEEN of EUROPE! where thy off-spring wears:
 All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:
 As welcome thou to sea-girt BRITAIN's shore,
 As erst LATONA (who fair CYNTHIA bore)
 To DELOS was: here shines a Nymph as bright,
 By thee diselos'd, with like increase of light.
 Why was her joy in BELGIA confin'd?
 Or why did you so much regard the wind?
 Scarce cou'd the ocean (tho' intrag'd) have tost
 Thy sov'reign bark, but where th' obsequious coast
 Pays tribute to thy bed: ROME's conqu'ring hand
 More vanquish'd nations under her command
 Never reduc'd: glad BERECYNTHIA so
 Among her deathless progeny did go:
 A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
 Mother of all that on AMBROSIA fed.
 Thy godlike race must sway the age to come;
 As she OLYMPUS peopled with her womb.

Wou'd those commanders of mankind obey
 Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay
 Down at your royal feet; compose their jars,
 And on the growing TURK discharge these wars:
 The Christian knights that sacred tomb shou'd wrest
 From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
 Our ENGLAND's Prince, and GALLIA's Dauphin, might
 Like young Rinaldo, and Tancredi, fight:
 In single combat: by their Swords again
 The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, slain;
 Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
 And with your * Tuscan Muse exalt the fight.

* Tasso.

20 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The Country to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd,
 ORPHEUS alone could with the woods comply;
 Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
 And nature's self, in those that could not lye:
 Your beauty next our solitude invades,
 And warms us shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring Court
 Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
 The answer, and consent, to that report,
 Which echo-like, the country do's return:
 Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
 Present th' impartial images of things.

A † rural judge dispos'd of beauty's prize;
 A simple shepherd was prefer'd to Jove:
 Down to the mountains from the partial skies,
 Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of love,
 To plead for that, which was so justly giv'n
 To the bright Carlisle of the Court of heav'n.

CARLISLE! a name which all our woods are taught,
 Loud as their Amaryllis, to resound:
 CARLISLE! a name which on the bark is wrought
 Of ev'ry tree, that's worthy of the wound:
 From Phœbus' rage our shadows, and our streams,
 May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

† *Paris.*]

The Countess of CARLISLE in Mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of Sky is clear,
 But just so much as lets the sun appear;
 Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect
 Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.
 A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
 Of sad adversity is fairer made;
 Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get:
 A VENUS rising from a sea of Jet!
 Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
 While yet it struggled with eternal night.
 Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
 Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.
 We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
 Mourn'd for ANCHISES: 'twas enough she came
 To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
 And that his iving Eyes such beauty fed;
 Had she been there, untimely joy, through all
 Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
 Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well
 Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
 As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,
 But pow'r to grieve exempt from thy commands.
 If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
 Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
 Yet still persist the memory to love
 Of that great Mercury, of our mighty Jove:
 Who, by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue,
 Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung,
 War he prevented, or soon made it cease;
 Instructing Princes in the arts of peace:

* Venus.

22 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Such as make SHEBA's curious Queen resort
To the * large-hearted Hebrew's famous Court.
Had HOMER sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty and more sacred state,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent Master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
And, like Camilla o'er the waves to run
Into his arms: while the Parisian dames
Mourn for their ravish'd glory; at her flames
No less amaz'd, than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With heav'n itself; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

In Answer to one who writ a Libel against the Countess of
CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With DIOMEDE, to wound the Queen of love?
Thy mistress' envy or thine own despair?
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a Rage, with such a different fate:
He honour won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.
She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.

* *Salomon.*

Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker Eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?
So shall thy rebel wit become our prize.
Should thy Iambicks swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;
Rewarding Phœbus, for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those Eyes
His joyful beams: but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy, nor thy fight;
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

Of Her CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heav'n arrive;
But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike;
And renders all within these walls alike:
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear:
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Lose thought of what themselves or others are:
Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save Carlisle's favour, to imploy their hope.
The * Thracian could (tho' all those tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless and wrathless, while they heard him play.

* Orpheus.

24 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
 Subdu'd alike all but one passion have ;
 No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
 Something proportion'd to the rule of his ;
 While she with chearful, but impartial grace,
 (Born for no one, but to delight the race
 Of men) like PHOEBUS, so divides her light,
 And warms us, that she stoops not from her height

TO PHYLLIS,

PHYLLIS, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
 And on that rock your THYRSIS threw ;
 Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
 While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows ;
 From foes discharg'd as often meet
 The shining points of arrows fleet.
 In the wide air creating fire ;
 As souls that join in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn
 In vain, and for the † cold youth mourn,
 Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
 Prefer'd to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize
 Of the bright Carlisle's conqu'ring eyes ;
 Which she regards no more, than they
 The tears of lesser beauties weigh.
 So have I seen the lost clouds pour
 Into the sea a useless show'r ;
 And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
 For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

† Andronic.

Then, PHYLIS, since our passions are
 Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
 But sport of heav'n, which takes delight
 To look upon this PARTHIAN fight
 Of LOVE, still flying or in chase,
 Never encount'ring face to face;
 Fo more to LOVE we'll sacrifice,
 But to the best of Deities:
 And let our hearts, which LOVE disjoin'd,
 By his kind mother be combin'd.

*To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon the Death of his
 Lady.*

TO this great loss a sea of tears is due;
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you,
 Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
 Those show'rs, the eyes of us your servants rain.
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
 In which nor fear, nor anger has a part?
 Virtue won'd blush, if time should boast (which dries,
 Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
 Your mind's relief; where reason triumphs so
 Over all passions that they ne'er cou'd grow
 Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
 To harm another, to impeach your rest.
 This we observ'd, delighting to obey
 One, who did never from his great self stray:
 Whose mild example seem'd to engage
 Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

The brave ÆMILIUS, his great charge laid down,
 (The force of ROME, and fate of MACEDON)

26 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
 Of changing Fortune; and thus highly spoke
 Before ROME's people: "We did oft implore,
 "That if the heav'n's had any bad in store
 "For your ÆMILIUS, they wou'd pour that ill
 "On his own house, and let you flourish still,"
 You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
 Whole springs; and summers to the publick lent:
 Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
 And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife:
 For which your country's more obliged, than,
 For many lives of old, less-happy, men.
 You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
 Of youth and private bliss, ought to impart
 Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
 As well in your affliction, as delight.
 Then with ÆMILIAN courage bear this cross,
 Since public persons only public loss
 Ought to affect. And tho' her form, and youth,
 Her application to your will, and truth;
 That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
 (All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate,
 Might give excuse to any common breath,
 With the huge weight of so just grief oppress:
 Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
 With passion, but your character maintain'd
 To the last Act: it is enough her stone
 May honour'd be with superscription
 Of the sole Lady, who had pow'r to move
 The great NORTAUMBERLAND to grieve and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, on his late Sicknefs and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the TARACIAN youth invades
 ORPHEUS, returning from th' ELYSIAN shades;
 Embrace the Hero, and his stay implore;
 Make it their public suit, he would no more
 Desert them so: and for his spouse's sake,
 His vanish'd love, tempt the LETHÆAN lake;
 The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
 (Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
 Who shall the fair EURYDICE succeed:
 EURYDICE! for whom his num'rous moan
 Make list'ning trees, and savage mountains groan:
 Thro' all the air his sounding strings dilate
 Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
 Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
 At once the land affecting, and the Main:
 When the glad news that you were Admiral
 Scarce thro' the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
 That our Great CHARLES, whose wisdom shines in you,
 Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
 So more than private was the joy, and grief,
 That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
 That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd;
 They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
 Nature (her fairest light eclipsed,) seems
 Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes:
 While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
 But from those cheeks which all the world admires
 The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
 Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
 Their beauty they, and we our loves suspend,
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend,

28 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

As lillies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend;
 Fold thee within their snowy arms and cry
 He is too faultless, and too young to dye.
 So like Immortals round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train
 To be lamented, and restor'd again?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
 Though to the Blest? O'er young ADONIS so
 Fair VENUS mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
 Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
 And second pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now, relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward does so far extend
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;
 Kind PHOEBUS interposing, bid me say
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they
 Like NEPTUNE, and his † sea-born Neice, shall be
 The shining glories of the land and sea:
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age:
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

S O N G.

STAY PHOEBUS, stay!

The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day

† Venus.

From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder, as DE MORNAY's eyes;
 Well does this prove
 The error of those antique books,
 Which made you move
 About the world: her charming looks
 Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was PHILOCLEA, and such * DORUS' flame!
 The † matchless SIDNEY, that immortal frame
 Of perfect beauty. on two pillars plac'd
 Not his high fancy could one pattern grac'd
 With such extremes of excellence, compose;
 Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
 Such chearful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
 As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Inviting fruit on so sublime a tree
 All the rich flow'rs through his ARCADIA found,
 Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy, (which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book)
 Stood at KALANDER's, ‡ the brave friends had jarr'd;
 And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just nature first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practic'd what he taught:
 This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink?

* Ramela. † Sir Philip Sidney. ‡ Pyrocles and Musidorus.

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves
 Not our delights alone, but loves!
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Slaves return, that enter'd free,
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
 With dear remembrance of that face,
 Where now he reads new hope of grace;
 Nor scorn nor cruelty does find:
 But gladly suffers a false wind
 To blow the ashes of despair
 From the reviving brand of care.
 Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
 This softness from thy finger took,
 Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
 The beauty only but the fire:
 Not the form alone and grace,
 But act, and power, of a face.
 May'st thou yet thyself as well,
 As all the world besides, excel!
 So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
 (That I may make it live in verse)
 Why thou could'st not at one assay,
 That face to after-times convey,
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit
 To make her oft before thee sit!
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
 For who would not repeat that bliss?

And frequent sight of such a dame
 Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
 Though thy good hand had failed still;
 When nature's self so often errs?
 She for this many thousand years
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,
 To frame the race of women fair;
 Yet never could a perfect birth
 Produce before, to grace the earth;
 Which waxed old, e'er it could see
 Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
 Where those immortal colours grow,
 That could this deathless piece compose?—
 In lillies? or the fading rose?
 No: for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r,
 Than did PROMETHEUS for his fire.

At PENS-HURST.

HAD DOROTHEA liv'd when mortals made
 Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
 Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
 The peace, and glory, which these alleys have:
 Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.
 Her presence has such more than human grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place:
 And beauty too, and order can impart,
 Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
 No less than those of old did ORPHEUS' lyre:

32 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

If she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
 They round about her into arbors crowd:
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand;
 Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.
 AMPHION so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
 And in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part,
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble SIDNEY'S birth, when such benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument, and pledge, of humble love:
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise high'r,
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at PENS-HURST groan,
 Oppressed with their timely load;
 And seem to make their silent moan,
 That their great Lord is now abroad:
 They to delight his taste, or eye,
 Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,
 And think themselves unjustly slain
 By any other hand than thine,
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain:

No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with FRANCE, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here;
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public, and domestic, care.

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of * THETIS' son,
(For which such stern debate did rise,
That the great AJAX TELAMON
Refus'd to live without the Prize)
Those ACHIVE Peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us so, when thou wert here,
Now scorches like the raging sun,
When SIRIUS does first appear.
O fix this flame; and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care!

On the LALY who can Sleep when She pleases.

NO wonder SLEEP from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in SACHARISSA'S eyes.
As fair ASTEA once from earth to heav'n,
By strife, and loud impiety, was driv'n:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise SOMNUS to that paradise repairs;
* Achilles.

24 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches wake!
More proud than PHOEBUS of his throne of gold
Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold:
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes:
Eyes, which so far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
Know, that tho' VENUS, and her Son, shou'd spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet HYMEN may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

On the Mis-report of Her being Painted.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night,
With their wild howlings at fair CYNTHIA's light;
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies:
So, with the news of SACHARISSA's wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;
Call LOVE to witness, that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice than our loves before;
But from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our passions, without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom heav'n affecteth so!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours thro' the flow'ry meads;

When lavish nature with her best attire
 Cloaths the gay spring, the season of desire:
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
 With the same art wherewith she paints the morn:
 With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
 Those painted clouds which form TRAUMANTIAS' bow.

On her Passing through a Croud of People;

AS in old Chaos (heav'n with earth confus'd,
 And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd)
 The Sun his light no further could extend
 Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd:
 So in this throng bright SACHARISSA far'd,
 Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
 As ships, tho' never so obsequious, fall
 Foul in a tempest on their Admiral.
 A greater favour this disorder brought
 Unto her servants, than their awful thought
 Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
 The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
 While LOVE insults, disguised in the cloud,
 And welcome force of that unruly crowd,
 So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
 Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
 But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
 Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
 Tho' loath he seems her tender leaves to press,
 More loath he is that friendly storm should cease;
 From whose rude bounty he the double use
 At once receives, of pleasure, and excuse.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE apply'd.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair SACHARISSA lov'd but lov'd in vain :
 Like PHOEBUS sung the no less amorous boy ;
 Like DAPHNE she, as lovely and as coy !
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues ;
 With Numbers such as PHOEBUS' self might use !
 Such is the chase, when love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads ;
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel Fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled ; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
 All, but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his Song.
 Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Fabula PHOEBI & DAPHNES.

ARCADIE juvenis THYRSIS, PHOEBIQUE sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra SACHARISSÆ ardebat amore.
 Haud Deus ipse olim DAPHNI majora canebat ;
 Nec fuit asperior DAPHNE, nec pulchrior illa :
 Carminibus PHOEBEO dignis permit ille fugatam
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Palseua : formosam nunc his componere Nympham,

Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
 Audiit illa procul miserum, citharamque sonantem;
 Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querellis!
 Ne tamen omhino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
 Elapsâ reperit DAPHNE sua laurea PHOEBUS.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where could'st thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face?
 Colours of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place,

In heav'n itself thou sure wer't drest
 With that angel-like disguise:
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my joy with closed Eyes,

But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a Dream!
 Cruel SACHARISSA's mind
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heav'nly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape;
 Such as wander by the brook
 Of LETHE, or from graves escape.

38 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Then to the matchless Nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surpris'd she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

To Mrs. BAWGHTON, Servant to SACHARISSA

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
Than the bright dame's we serve; for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
Some modest PERSIAN, or some weak-ey'd MOON,
No higher dares advance his dazled sight,
Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their ascending God adorns the east,
And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound us so.
A thousand CUPIDS in those curls do sit,
(Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit:
The GRACES put not more exactly on
Th' attire of VENUS, when the Ball she won;
Than SACHARISSA by thy care is dress'd,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
May be to pity, or to love, inclin'd:

In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
 Of that stern Goddess: you, her priest, declare
 What offerings may propitiate the Fair:
 Rich orient Pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
 Of polish'd lines which longer last than they,
 For if I thought she took delight in those,
 To where the chearful morn do's first disclose,
 (The shady night removing with her beams)
 Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
 All that is found in mines or fishes' shells;
 Her nobler part as far exceeding these;
 None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
 The shining jewels GREECE and TROY, bestow'd
 On * Sparta's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
 And snowy wrists: but when the town was burn'd,
 Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
 Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
 Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

At PENS-HURST.

WHILE in this park I ling, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion and forget to fear:
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:
 To Gods appealing when I reach their Bow'rs
 With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs,
 To Thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
 Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thy self a SIDNEY? from which noble strain

* Helen.

40 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

* He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love, or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous SIDNEY's fire.
Nor call her Mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity, and love.
Never can she that so exceeds the spring
In Joy, and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive: to no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness: but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those † healing springs;
Which not more help, than that destruction bring,
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like ORPHEUS, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion: now, my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not my self to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just APOLLO, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon aged tree
" Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
" That there with wonders thy diverted mind
" Some truce at least may with this passion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds, and tempests, does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge Wells.

Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her.

To my Young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth,
 Into a world, which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth,
 Or shadow of felicity?
 That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon:
 The rosy morn resigns her light,
 And milder glory, to the noon:
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
 And summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination, or decay:
 For, with a full hand, that does bring
 All that was promis'd by the spring.

To AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
 What you unto THYRAIS owe;
 I will tell you how I do
 SACHARISSA love, and You.

42 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on AMORET:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
If sweet AMORET complains,

I have sence of all her pains:

But for SACHARISSA I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely AMORET! is thine,
SACHARISSA's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not this long have born
Haughty SACHARISSA's scorn:
But 'tis sure some Pow'r above,
Which controuls our wills in love.

If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast sollicit me,
Beauteous AMORET! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Near'n (as eas'ly seal'd) does know.

AMORET! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

SACHARISSA's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heav'n itself be due
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendship betwixt SACHARISSA and AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of your care,
Only to your selves so dear?
By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of Love controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
 Still beguiled LOVE does come:
 Where he finds a foreign guest;
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
 When they never mean to pay,
 That they may the law decline,
 To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
 Yoak'd in CYTHERA's cars;
 Not the wings that lift so high,
 And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
 Or do more ennoble love;
 Are so choicely match'd a pair,
 Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky way,
 Fram'd of many nameless stars;
 The smooth stream where none can say,
 He this drop to that prefers!

AMORET, my lovely foe!
 Tell me where thy strength does lye?
 Where the pow'r that charms us so?
 In thy soul or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone;
 Or thy grace in motion seen;
 No such wonders could be done:
 Yet thy waist is straight and clean,
 As CUPID's shaft; or HERMES' rod;
 And pow'rful too, as either God.

A L A M A L A D E.

AH lovely AMORER, the care
 Of all that know what's good or fair?
 Is heav'n become our rival too?
 Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
 So amply thence, the common end
 Of giving lovers,——to pretend?
 Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
 To weary thee to a consent
 Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n
 Thy beauties to impair: for heav'n
 Solicits thee with such a care,
 As roses from their stalks they tear;
 When we would still preserve them new.
 And fresh as on the bush they grew.
 With such a grace you entertain,
 And look with such contempt on pain,
 That languishing you conquer more,
 And wound us deeper than before,
 So lightnings which in storms appear,
 Seorch more than when the skies are clear.
 And as sickness does invade
 Your frailer part the breaches made
 In that fair lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright guest, your soul appear,

46 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

So nymphs o'er pathless mountains born,
 Their light robes by the brambles torn
 From their fair limbs, exposing new
 And unknown beauties to the view
 Of following Gods, increase their flame,
 And haste, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

MAY those already curst ESSEXIAN plains,
 Where hasty death, and pining sickness, reigns,
 Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
 But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
 There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
 Like HERO's taper in the window plac'd,
 Such fate from the malignant air did find,
 As that exposed to the boist'rous wind.

Ah cruel heav'n! to snatch so soon away
 Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
 With thousand vows and tears, we should have sought
 That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
 But we, alas, no whisper of her pain
 Heard, 'till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
 That horrid word at once, like lightning spread,
 Strook all our ears, — the Lady RICH is dead!
 Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
 Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:
 That Death should license have to rage among
 The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battel born,
 With goared hand, and veil so rudely torn,
 Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
 Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed.

* *Venus.*

All stand amazed ! but beyond the rest
 Th' * heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
 Mov'd with just grief; expostulates with heav'n;
 Urging the promise to th' obsequious giv'n,
 Of longer life : for ne'er was pious soul
 More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
 A skilful eye at once might read the race
 Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
 And sweet humility : her look and mind
 At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
 There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
 For those that did what she disdain'd to do :
 So gentle and severe, that what was bad
 At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
 Gracious to all ; but where her love was due,
 So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
 That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
 The rowling lights of heav'n, as change her course.

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
 Instruct us to record what she was here !
 And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
 Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.
 So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
 That all our art, and pow'r of speech, is waste.
 Her passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
 Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight, complying with her fame,
 Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
 Fair Sacharissa ! — and now only fair !
 To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear ;
 (Such as the ROMANS did erect of old.)
 Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told

* Christian Countess of Devonshire.

48 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The lovely passion each to other bare,
 With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
 Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd
 Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind;
 Save that she grac'd the sev'ral parts of life;
 A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife:
 Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
 As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
 That such a love should have so short a date!
 Lately I saw her sighing part from thee;
 (Alas that That the last farewell should be!)
 So look'd Astraea, her remove design'd,
 On these distressed friends she left behind,
 Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
 That still the knot, in spite of death, does last:
 For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
 Prove well that on your part this bond is whole;
 So, all we know of what they do above,
 Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
 Let dark oblivion and the hollow grave,
 Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
 Well chosen love is never taught to die,
 But with our nobler part invades the sky.
 Then grieve no more than once so heav'nly shap'd
 The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
 Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
 But that she vanish'd so entire away,
 Her wond'rous beauty, and her goodness, merit
 We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
 In that celestial form frequented here:
 And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

The Battle of the SUMMER ISLANDS.

C A N T O I.

*What fruits they have, and how heav'n smiles
Upon those late discover'd isles.*

AID me, Bellona ! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write :
Seas stain'd with goar I sing, advent'rous toil !
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know ?
That happy island ! where huge lemons grow ;
And Orange trees, which golden fruit do bear :
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair :
Where shining pearl, coral and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of amber Greece is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,
The Prince of trees ! is fewel to their fires :
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn :
Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield :
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit carowing where there liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show ;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons ev'ry year,

50 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Their barren tops with luscious food abound ;
 And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd,
 Tobacco is the worst of things which they
 To ENGLISH landlords, as their tribute, pay.
 Such is the mould, that the blest tenant seeds
 On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
 With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
 On choicest melons, and sweet grapes they dine:
 And with potatoes fat their wanton swine. }
 Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our coarser land
 Tastes of that bounty : and those cloth return,
 Which not for warmth, but ornament is worn :
 For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year :
 Ripe fruit , and blossoms, on the same trees live ;
 At once they promise, what at once they give.
 So sweet the air so moderate the clime ;
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time,
 Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
 To shew how all things were created first.
 The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd
 Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste :
 There a small grain, in some few months, will be
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
 The Palma Christi, and the fair Papà,
 Now but a seed (preventing nature's law)
 In half the circle of the hasty year
 Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
 And as their trees in our dull region set,
 But faintly grow, and no perfection get ;
 So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
 Utter unripe, and ill-constrained Notes :
 While the supporter of the Poets' style,
 PHOEBUS, on them eternally does smile.

Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantain's shade; and all the day
 With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet, and best of passions love.
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
 That tunes my lute, and winds the strings so high;
 With the sweet sound of SACHARISS's name,
 I'll make the list'ning savages grow tame.——
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

*Of their alarm, and how their foes
 Discover'd were, this CANTO shows.*

TH^{O'} rocks so high about this island rise,
 That well they may the num'rous TURK despise;
 Yet is no human fate exempt from fear:
 Which shakes their hearts while thro' the isle they hear
 A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
 As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
 Three days they dread this murmur, e'er they know
 From what blind cause the unwonted sound may grow:
 At length two monsters of unequal size,
 Hard by the shore, a fisher-man espies;
 Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
 And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast.
 One, as a mountain vast; and with her came
 A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
 Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
 They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.

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The man knew what they were, who heretofore
 Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore:
 By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
 The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste
 As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
 To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
 So, there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
 And her own brood exposes; when the whales
 Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
 Tho' huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:
 Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd;
 Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd:
 Hearts sure of brass they had, who tempted first
 Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.
 The welcome news thro' all the nation spread,
 To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
 What lately was their public terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
 Dispose already of th' untaken spoil;
 And, as the purchase of their future toil,
 These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
 So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
 Whose hide he sold,—before he caught the beast!

They man their boats, and all their young men arm'd
 With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
 Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far;
 The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
 Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
 What love, or honour, could invite them to:
 A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
 With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
 Such was the lake that held this dreadful pair,
 Within the bounds of noble WARWICK's share:
 WARWICK's bold Earl! than which no title bears
 A greater sound among our BRITISH Peers.

And worthy he the memory to renew,
 The fate, and honour, to that title due;
 Whose brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
 And thro' the new world spread his growing fame —
 But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

*The bloody fight, successless toil,
 And how the fishes sack'd the isle.*

THE boat, which on the first assault did go,
 Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
 Who, when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
 Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd.
 As a broad bream to please some curious taste,
 While yet alive, in boiling water cast;
 Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
 The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out:
 So, with the barbed javelin stung, he raves;
 And scourges with his tail the suff'ring waves.
 Like SPENSER'S TALUS with his iron flail,
 He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
 Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
 And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
 With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
 To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
 Which wanted sea-room with her foes to play:
 Slowly she swims; and when provok'd she wou'd
 Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:

The shallow water doth her force infringe,
 And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge;
 The shining steel her tender sides receive,
 And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
 Betwixt his cumber'd mother, and her foes;
 With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
 And men, and boats, his active tail confounds.
 Their forces join'd the seas with billows fill,
 And make a tempest, tho' the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
 Be well content; and wish this cub away;
 Their wish they have; he (to direct his dam
 Unto the gap thro' which they thither came,)
 Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
 A pris'ner there, but for his mother's sake.
 She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
 Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
 They shout for joy! and now on her alone
 Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
 Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
 With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast.
 Her oily side devours both blade and hest;
 And there his steel the bold **BERMUDAN** left.
 Courage the rest from his example take,
 And now they change the colour of the lake:
 Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide.
 And raise the flood to that propitious height,
 As might convey her from this fatal freight.
 She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
 To heav'n; that heav'n men's cruelties might know.
 Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
 And on her back a grove of pikes appears.

You would have thought, had you the monster seen
 Thus drest, she had another island been.
 Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
 As well resembled the conspiring voice
 Of routed armies, when the field is won;
 To reach the ears of her escaped son.

He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
 Hastes to her aid: the pious TROJAN so,
 Neglecting for CREUSA's life his own,
 Repeats the danger of the burning town:
 The men amazed blush to see the seed

Of monsters human piety exceed.
 Well proves this kindness what the GRECIANS sung,
 That Love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
 Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
 For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
 So she their weapons would restore again,
 Thro' rocks they'd hew her passage to the Main.
 But, how instructed in each other's mind,
 Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
 Not daring to approach their wounded foe,

Whom her courageous son protected so;
 They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
 Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
 Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
 And tear the flesh, of the incensed whales.

But no success their fierce endeavours found,
 Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
 Now to their fort they are about to send,
 For the loud engines which their life defend:
 But what those Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
 Would have effected on those mighty whales.

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Great NEPTUNE will not have us know; who sends
A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muse!
I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse
To read the passion which they write:
She strikes my lute. but, if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce lion does embrace
His breathless corps, and lick his face;
Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So, ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament and sigh and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep;

Postures which render him despis'd,
 Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
 For women, (born to be controul'd,)
 Stoop to the forward and the bold;
 Affect the haughty and the proud,
 'The gay, the frolick, and the loud;
 Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the beast;
 But with high courage life and force,
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser cast
 Pity, supposing them oppress
 With tyrant's force, who law is will.
 By which they govern, spoil and kill:
 Each nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less rigor here,
 Should some brave Turk, that walks among
 His twenty lasses, bright and young;
 And beckons to the willing dame,
 Prefer'd to quench his present flame;
 Behold as many Gallants here,
 With modest guise, and silent fear,
 All to one female idol bend:
 While her high pride does scarce descend
 To mark their follies; he would swear
 That these her guard of eunuchs were:
 And that a more majestic Queen,
 Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
 In vain I struggled with the yoke
 Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
 When next beheld, like lightning strook
 My blasted soul: and made me bow,
 Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
 Of some smooth stream about to drink,
 Surveying there his armed head,
 With shame remembers that he fled
 The scorned dogs : resolves to try
 The combat next : but if their cry
 Invades again his trembling ear,
 He strait resumes his wonted care ;
 Leaves the untasted spring behind,
 And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO PHYLIS.

PHYLIS ! why should we delay
 Pleasures shorter than the day ?
 Could we (which we never can !)
 Stretch our lives beyond their span :
 Beauty like a shadow flies,
 And our youth before us dies
 Or would youth, and beauty, stay,
 Love hath wings, and will away.
 Love hath swifter wings, than Time can fly
 Change in love to heav'n dogs climb ;
 Gods, that never change their state,
 Vary oft their love and hate,

PHYLIS ! to this truth we owe
 All the love betwixt us two :
 Let not you and I inquire,
 What has been our past desire :
 On what shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what nymphs I have begull'd :

Leave it to the Planets too, let all that end
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

To my Lord of FALKLAND.

BRAVE HOLLAND leads, and with him FALKLAND goes,
Who hears this told and does not strait suppose
We send the GRACES, and the MUSES, forth,
To civilize, and to instruct the north?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
APOLLO bears as well his bow as harp:
And tho' he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred Virgins sing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast th' ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war, and thee?
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest:
Where oaks and brambles, (if the corpse be burn'd)
Confounded lye, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our Island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the genius of this land
Amaz'd I saw, like * the fair HEBREW stand;

* *Rebekah.*

When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
 And found her womb the seat of civil war,
 Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
 Of better fortune for the present age;
 Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good;

To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood :
 To raise our dropping spirits, grown the scorn
 Of our proud neighbours; who e'erlong shall mourn
 (Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
 We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so, with self provoking smart,
 (His rebel tail scourging his nobler part,)
 Calls up his Courage; then begins to roar,
 And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

On Drinking of HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
 So far as drought, and nature, urges drink :
 A more indulgent mistress guides our spirits,
 Reason that dares beyond our appetites :
 She would our care, as well as thirst, redress;
 And with Divinity rewards excess.
 Deserted ARIADNE, thus supply'd,
 Did perjur'd THESEUS' cruelty deride :
 BACCHUS imbrac'd with her exalted thought
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
 BACCHUS and PHOEBUS are by Jove ally'd,
 And each by other's timely heat supply'd :
 All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires,
 Is paid in Numbers which their juice inspires.
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood,
 To give our friends a title to our blood :
 Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do,

OCCASIONS.

S O N G.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought;
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word, and oath,
A Servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still,

IV.

But what assurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas noa thy fault
That thou didst inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, CHLORIS, no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
And she distrust me reprobate.

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VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometime on thy face
But make my constant meals at home.

To my Lady ISABELLA playing on the Lute.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch?
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transport us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here LOVE take stand, and, while she charms the ear,
Empities his quiver on the list'ning deer:
Music so softens, and disarms, the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her self the triumph of her eyes:
So NERO once, with harp in hand survey'd
His flaming ROME, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar on high.

Had ECHO, with so sweet a grace,
NARCISSUS' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

To Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air;
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?
So, when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid which hopes the flame
To conquer tho' from heav'n it came:
But, if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

On the Marriage of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, makes others wive;
But nature did this match contrive;
EVE might as well have ADAM fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

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Thrice happy is that humble pair,
 Beneath the level of all care!
 Over whose heads those arrows fly
 Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
 Secured in as high extreme,
 As if the world held none but them.
 To him the fairest nymphs do show
 Like moving mountains top'd with snow:
 And every man a POLYPHEMUS
 Does to his GALATEA seem:
 None may presume her faith to prove;
 He proffers death that proffers love.
 Ah CHLORIS! that kind nature thus
 From all the world had sever'd us:
 Creating for ourselves us two,
 As love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
 A long farewell to love I gave
 Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
 All that remain'd of me should have.
 And this resolve no mortal dame,
 None but those eyes, could have o'er thrown:
 The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
 So high so like her self alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
 Above the fear of private fires;
 Grown, and design'd, for nobler use,
 Not to make warm, but build the house;
 Tho' from our meaner flames secure,
 Must that which falls from heav'n endure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full summer, e'er the Spring's begun :
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad :
So, measure not by any common use,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrap'd my glad head I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of these favours, you afford me now :
That I might ever such indulgence find ;
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind.
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less :
The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard itself, tho' but a Child invade ;
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

On a GIRDLE.

THAT, which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

Is was-my heav'ns extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

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A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

To the Mutable Fair.

HERE, CÆLIA! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill:
Who, like DON QUIXOTE, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names, and courses, know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd

By these free vapours are so light,
 So frequent, that the conquer'd light
 Despairs to find the rules that guide
 Those gilded shadows as they slide,
 And therefore of the spacious air
 Jove's royal consort had the care;
 And by that pow'r did once escape,
 Declining bold Ixion's rape;
 She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
 A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
 Such was that image, so it smil'd
 With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
 Your THYRSIS lately, when he thought
 He had his fleeting CÆLIA caught.
 'Twas shap'd like her, but, for the Fair,
 He fills his arms with yielding air.

A fate! for which he grieves the less,
 Because the Gods had like success.
 For in their story, one, we see,
 Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree:
 A second, with a lover's haste,
 Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
 But she that did a Virgin seem,
 Posselt, appears a wand'ring stream:
 For his supposed love, a third
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
 And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
 A wild inhabitant of th' air.
 To these old tales such nymphs as you
 Give credit, and still make them new;
 The amorous now like wonders find,
 In the swift changes of your mind.
 But, CÆLIA, if you apprehend
 The Muse of your incens'd friend;

Nor would that he record your blame,
 And make it live, repeat the same;
 Again deceive him, and again,
 And then he swears he'll not complain.
 For still to be deluded so,
 Is all the pleasure lovers know;
 Who, like good false'ners, take delight,
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA. A SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
 My wary heart;
 The sun, in all his pride, and rage,
 Has not that art;
 And yet he shines as bright as you,
 If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
 Nor those you write,
 Which can make THYRSIS' heart your prey:
 For that delight,
 The graces of a well-taught mind,
 In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, FLAVIA; 'tis your love I fear;
 Love's surest darts,
 Those which so seldom fail him, are
 Headed with hearts:
 Their very shadows make us yield;
 Dissemble well, and win the field.

The F A L L.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
 To take th' impression where she lay.
 See! how the mould, as loth to leave
 So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
 Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
 The coming spring would first appear;
 And all this place with roses strow,
 If busy feet would let them grow.

HERE VENUS smil'd to see blind Chance
 If self, before her son, advance;
 And a fair image to present
 Of what the Boy so long had meant.
 'Twas such a chance as this, made all
 The world into this order fall:
 Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
 Of which they were composed, lay:
 So in their prime, with equal grace,
 Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair! or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down;
 But touch him, and he'll tremble strait:
 How could he then support your weight?
 How could the youth, alas! but bend
 When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd;
 If ought by him amiss were done,
 'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

On SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard, just heav'n declares
The sense it has of lover's cares :

She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
SYLVIA the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from FLAVIA's self her name ;
Lest she, provoking heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine, and die ;
Than her bright morning, over-cast
With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

The B U D.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose :
I pluckt it, tho' no better grown ;
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon :

All that was meant by air, or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When FLAVIA it aspires to move?
When that, which life-less buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tost!
See how the motion does dilate the flame
Delighted love his spoils does boast,
And triumph in this game,
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increase
Of all her shining lamps, this artful way:
The sun in figures, such as these,
Joys with the moon to play:

To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

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On the Discovery of a Lady's Painting.

PYGMALEON's fate revers'd is mine :
 His marble love took flesh and blood ;
 All that I worship'd as divine,
 That beauty new 'tis understood,
 Appears to have no more of life,
 Than that whereof he fram'd his wife,

As women yet, who apprehend
 Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
 Although that seeming cause take end,
 And they behold no danger near,
 A shaking thro' their limbs they find,
 Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So, though the beauty do appear
 No beauty, which amaz'd me so ;
 Yet from my breast I cannot tear
 The passion, which from thence did grow ;
 Nor yet out of my fancy raise
 The print of that supposed face,

A real beauty though too near,
 The fond NARCISSUS did admire :
 I doat on that which is no where ;
 The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
 No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
 As this, which thus survives the fuel !

To a LADY, from whom he received a Silver Pen.

MADAM! intending to have try'd

The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,

And drench'd it in the sable wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take

From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserv'd I to make

So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that express'd her commands

To mighty Lords, and Princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands;

Proud that I would record their names;
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to please,

Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship, in These:

And now 'tis forced to confess,
That your great self did ne'er indite
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

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H

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,
 Your favours with your fears increase,
 And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
 Her fruit and state, while no wind blows,
 In storms from that uprightness swerves:
 And the glad earth about her strows
 With treasure from her yielding boughs.

S O N E T.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
 CHLORIS! I feel my life decay:
 That powerful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away.
 Oh! suppress that magic sound,
 Which destroys without a wound!

Peace, CHLORIS, peace! or singing die;
 That together you, and I,
 To heav'n may go:
 For all we knew
 Of what the Blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love,

Of Loving at First Sight.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from my self how far behind
Already I behold the shore !

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this Deep :
No : 'tis so rockless, and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things : not torn
From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace
Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil flow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy :
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

The Self - Banish'd.

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay :
But, to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love I keep away.

76 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

In vain, alas ! for every thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which PHOEBUS thro' his veins has shot :

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire :
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you ;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

S O N E T.

GO, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet, and fair !

THYRSIS. GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on silver THAMES did ride,
Sad GALATEA on the bank I spy'd :
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine ;
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair Nymph ! I have in your delights no share ;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care :
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew ;
And to my aid invoke no muse but you.

GALATEA

Hear then and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives or chance;
 Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
 To all the joys this island could afford.
 The greatest mistress, and the kindest Lord;
 Who with the royal mixt her noble blood;
 And in high grace with GLORIANA stood:
 Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
 That none e'er thought her happiness too much:
 So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
 And kind to all as heav'n had been to her!
 The virgin's part, the mother and the wife,
 So well she acted in the span of life,
 That tho' few years (too few alas!) she told.
 She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
 As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
 Close to the tree; which grieves no less to leave:
 The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
 And, until autumn, on the bough should grow;
 So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc'd,
 Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
 Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow;
 At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

T H Y R S I S.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
 Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
 What heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
 Is soon removed from our wond'ring eyes!
 But since the * Sisters did so soon untwine
 So fair a thread; I'll strive to piece the line.
 Vouchsafe, sad Nymph! to let me know the dame;
 And to the Muses I'll commend her name:
 Make the wide country echo to your moan,
 The list'ning trees, and savage mountains, groan:

* Parca.

OCCASIONS.

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What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

G A L A T E A.

'Twas HAMILTON!—whom I had nam'd before;
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

On the Head of a S T A G.

SO we some antique Heroe's strength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty NIMROD did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head! which ev'ry year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing:
Which might it never have been cast.
(Each year's growth added to the last,)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The EARTH's bold sons' prodigious pride:
Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a LADY in Retirement.

SEES not my Love, how TIME resumes
The glory which he lent these flow'rs ?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours :
TIME, what we forbear, devours !

HAD HELEN, or th' * EGYPTIAN Queen,
Been near so thrifty of their graces ;
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which finds our faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless show'r,
Upon the autumn, or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit, nor flow'r ;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
* Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion ;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Miser's Speech ; in a Masque.

BALLS of this metal slack'd ATLANTA's pace,
And on the † amorous youth bestow'd the race :
VENUS, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own,)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown

* Cleopatra. † Hippomenes.

Had prostrated to MARS, could well advise
 Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
 Nor less may JUPITER to gold ascribe
 For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
 Who can blame DANAE, or the brazen tow'r,
 That they withstood not that almighty show'r?
 Never till then did LOVE make JOVE put on
 A form more bright, and nobler than his own:
 Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
 That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
 'Twas not revenge for griev'd APOLLO's wrong,
 Those asses' ears on MIDAS' temples hung:
 But fond repentance of his happy wish,
 Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
 Would BACCHUS bless me so, I'd constant hold
 Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

ON BEN. JOHNSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
 Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, endures
 A remedy like those whom music cures.
 Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
 Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:
 So traced with thy all-resembling Pen,
 That, what-e'er custom has impos'd on men,
 Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,
 That scarce a brother can his brother know)
 reprented to the wond'ring Eyes
 Of all that see, or read, thy comedies.
 Who-ever in those glasses looks, may find
 The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind:

82 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress, his nobler part.
NARCISSUS, cozen'd by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discov'ring the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that **PLATO** had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou could'st all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which still escapes,
Like **PROTEUS**, in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All these good Plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage:
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No Worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.
What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave **MELANTIUS** in his gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
Sees thy **ASPASIA** weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
 Deter'd by that inimitable * MAID;
 And, when I venture at the Comic style,
 Thy SCORNFUL LAD^e seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd; and mar'd,
 Our ſport in Plays, by rendring it too hard!
 So, when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
 The bar by turns, and none the reſt out-go
 So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring caſts,
 Their emulation, and their paſtime laſts:
 But, if ſome brawny Yeoman of the Guard
 Step in, and toſs the axle-tree a yard,
 Or more, beyond the furtheſt mark the reſt.
 Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS: on his Translation of ſome Parts
 of the Bible.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
 Which would enrich our vulgar tongue;
 With the high raptures of thoſe men,
 Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
 Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
 Of Angels, who their ſongs admire!
 What ever thoſe inspired ſouls

Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
 The aged Deep and both the Poles;
 Their numerous thunder could awake
 Dull earth, which does with heav'n conſent
 To all they wrote, and all they meant;

* The Maid's Tragedy.

84 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Say, sacred Bard ! what could bestow
 Courage on thee, to soar so high ?
 Tell me, brave friend ! what help'd thee so
 To shake off all mortality ?
 To light this torch, thou hast climb'd high'r
 Than * he who stole celestial fire.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES *who had then newly set a Song of
 mine in the Year 1635.*

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
 But you can life to verses give,
 As when in open air we blow,
 The breath (tho' strain'd) sounds flat and low
 But if a trumpet take the blast,
 It lifts it high, and makes it last :
 So in your Airs our numbers drest,
 Make a shrill sally from the breast
 Of nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
 Our passions to themselves commend ;
 While Love, victorious with thy art,
 Governs at once their voice, and heart.

You, by the help of tune and time,
 Can make that song which was but rhyme :
 Not pleading no man doubts the cause :
 Or questions verses set by LAWES.

As a Church-window thick with paint,
 Lets in a light both dim, and faint :
 So others, with division hide
 The light of sense, the Poets' pride :
 But you alone may truly boast
 That not a syllable is lost :

* *Prophetas.*

OCCASIONS.

85

The writer's and the setter's, skill
 At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
 Let those which only warble long,
 And gargle in their throats a song,
 Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi* :
 Let words, and sense, be set by thee,

To Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, upon his *Two First Books*
of CONDIBERT written in FRANCE.

THUS the wise Nightingale that leaves her home,
 Her native wood, when storms and winter come;
 Pursuing constantly the chearful spring,
 To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping HEBREWS' banish'd harps unstrung,
 At BABYLON, upon the willows hung :
 Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
 No less in courage than in singing well ;
 While unconcern'd, you let your country know,
 They have impoverish'd themselves not you :
 Who, with the MUSE's help, can mock those fates
 Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.
 So OVID, when from CÆSAR's race he fled.
 The ROMAN Muse to PONTUS with him led :
 Where he so sung, that we, thro' pity's glass,
 See NERO milder than AUGUSTUS was.
 Hereafter such in thy behalf, shall be
 Th' indulgent censure of posterity.
 To banish those who with such art can sing,
 Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring.
 Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
 Nor how to love their present youth be taught.

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I

86 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

This to thyself — Now to thy matchless book ;
 Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
 May find old love in pure fresh language told ;
 Like new-stamp'd coin, made out of Angel gold :
 Such truth in love as th' antique world did know.
 In such a style as Courts may boast of now :
 While no bold tales of Gods or monsters swell ;
 But human passions, such as with us dwell.
 Man is thy theme ; his virtue or his rage,
 Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
 MARS, nor BELLONA, are not named here ;
 But such a GONDIBERT as both might fear :
 VENUS had here, and HEBE, been outshin'd,
 By thy bright BIRTHA, and thy RHODALIND.
 Such is thy happy skill and such the odds
 Betwixt thy Worthies and the GRECIAN Gods !
 Whose Deities in vain had here come down,
 Where mortal beauty wears the sov'reign crown :
 Such as of flesh compos'd. by flesh and blood,
 Though not resisted, may be understood.

To my Worthy friend Mr. WASE, the Translator of
 GRATIUS.

THUS, by the muse, we may know
 When noble wits a hunting go,
 Through groves that on PARNASSUS grow.
 The MUSES all the chase adorn,
 My Friend on PEGASUS is born ;
 And young APOLLO winds the horn.
 Having old GRATIUS in the wind,
 No pack of critics e'er could find,
 Or he know more of his own mind,

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs for scent and speed;
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat or to tame;
With all the myst'ries of that game.

But worthy friend! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far.
From what our fiery battels are.

Nor is it like, since powder known
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from sun to sun;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text;
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage:

Since none did more to PHOEBUS owe,
Or in more language can show
These arts, which you so early know.

88 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

To his worthy Friend Mr. EVELYN, upon his Translation of
LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born, and translated, in a state?
Comes to proclaim in ENGLISH verse.
No monarch rules the universe;
But chance, and atoms, make This ALL
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with angel's wings
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere;
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
'Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispeack them all.

So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The ROMAN language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow, to unfold
The wonders which he would have told,
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
And BRITISH language does commend:
For here, LUCRETIVS whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind.

Thy art has to our country brought
 All that he writ. and all he thought.
 OVID translated, VIRGIL too,
 Shew'd long since what our tongue could do :
 Nor LUCAN we, nor HORACE spar'd ;
 Only LUCRETIVS was too hard.
 LUCRETIVS like a Fort, did stand
 Untouch'd ; till your victorious hand
 Did from his head this garland bear,
 Which now upon your own you wear
 A garland ! made of such new bays,
 And fought in such untrodden ways ;
 As no man's temples e'er did crown,
 Save this great author's, and your own.

*To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS upon his
 Translation of the VENETIAN TRIUMPH.*

THE * winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
 As LIBERTY'S hand presents him to our sight :
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce.
 Or roar so loud, as BUSINELLO'S verse :
 But your translation does all three excel,
 The fight, the piece, and lofty BUSINEL.
 As their small gallies may not hold compare
 With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air :
 So does th' ITALIAN to your genius vail,
 Mov'd with a fuller, and a nobler gale
 Thus, while the muse spreads the VENETIAN story,
 You make all EUROPE emulate her glory :
 You make them blush, weak VENICE should defend
 The cause of heav'n, while they for words contend.

* *The Arms of Venice.*

90 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Shed Christian blood, and populous cities raise,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase;
If, list'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars;
Our BRITISH arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

CHLORIS and HYLAS. *Made to a Saraband.*

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh HYLAS! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never can'st thou want matter to sing:
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know the sweetest of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, wood-bine, pink or rose;
So love the result of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces:

CHLORIS.

HYLAS! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love.
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

CHLORIS! this change the birds do approve,
 Which the warm season hither does bring:
 TIME from your self does further remove!
 You, than the winter from the gay spring:
 She that like lightning shin'd with her face lasted,
 The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

In Answer to Sir JOHN SUCKLING's VERSES.

C O N.

STAY here fond youth, and ask no more; be wise;
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise

P R O.

And by your knowledge, we should be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

C O N.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
 Last in their pride: and would not take it ill
 If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
 Thou wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

P R O.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
 Be styled virtuous, and the end not so?
 Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
 'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
 But — to sleep better: for who-e'er drinks deep
 Of this NERENTHE, rocks himself asleep.

C O N.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
 And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.
 Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
 As reasonably might hope he might grow fat

92 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

*By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.*

P R O

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy Pair,
Whose joys just HYMEN warrant all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

C O N.

*Urge not 'tis necessary: alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, children there must be.—
So must bread too: but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?*

P R O.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hine
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine;
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
For, when ANCHISES did fair VENUS know,
What int'rest had poor VULCAN in the boy,
Famous ÆNEAS, or the present joy!

C O N.

*Women enjoy'd: whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.*

P R O.

Plays, and Romances read, and seen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

C O N.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.

P R O.

If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it were,
'T would not be heav'n to those that now are there.

C O N.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess: so here, restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

P R O.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not
In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place;
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our sight:
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

C O N.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

P R O.

Not he, that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he, who dares not touch, nor use his store.

To a FRIEND, on the Different Success of their Loves.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:

Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the first essay.

Sure love's an art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst!

I, with a diff'rent fate, pursu'd in vain
The haughty CELIA: 'till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:

The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows, and service, did before

So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
How HECTOR leads, and how the GRECIANS flee:

Here, the fierce MARS his courage so inspires,
That with bold hand the ARGIVE fleet he fires:

But there, from heav'n the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted TROY retires within her walls:

They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chase.

So like the chances are of love, and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:

In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

AN APOLOGY for having Lov'd before.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprizing juice,

To the first delicious cup

All their reason render up:

Neither do, nor care to know,

Whether it be best or no.

* *Minerva.*

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
 Sway'd by chance, nor choice, or art,
 To the first that's fair, or kind,
 Make a present of their heart :
 'Tis not she that first we love,
 But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
 Stars gave the first delight ;
 Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
 Those little drops of light.

Then, at AURORA, whose fair hand
 Remov'd them from the skies,
 He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
 She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
 All those he 'gan despise ;
 His wonder was determin'd there,
 And could no higher rise :

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
 A more refulgent light :
 For that (as mine your beauties now)
 Employ'd his utmost sight.

To ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth !
 Urge not thus your haughty birth :
 The pow'r, which you have o'er us, lyes
 Not in your race, but in your eyes.

None but a Prince! — alas! that voice
 Confines you to a narrow choice.
 Should you no honey vow to taste,
 But what the master-bees have plac'd
 In compass of their cells, how small
 A portion to your share would fall?
 Nor all appear among those few,
 Worthy the stock from whence they grew:
 The sap, which at the root is bred
 In trees, thro' all the boughs is spread;
 But virtues, which in parents shine,
 Make not like progress thro' the line.
 'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
 The place does oft those graces give.
 Great JULIUS, on the mountains bred,
 A flock perhaps, or herd, had led:
 * He, that the world subdu'd, had been
 But the best wrestler on the green.
 'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
 The hidden seeds of native worth:
 They blow those sparks, and make them rise
 Into such flames as touch the skies.
 To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
 A pedigree, which reach'd to heav'n:
 Of mortal seed they were not held,
 Which other mortals so excell'd,
 And beauty too, in such excess
 As yours, ZELINDA! claims no less:
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady grove,
 Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove;

* *Alexander.*

And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape, and name :
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

*To my Lady MORTON on NEW-YEARS-DAY, at the LOUVRE
in PARIS.*

MADAM ! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind ;
Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you ;
And make your beauty as themselves, seem new.
To the fair VILLARS we DALKEITH prefer ;
And fairest MORTON now as much to her ;
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which as he rises does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays :
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious, as your eyes.
If JUDITH, marching with the Gen'ral's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read ;
What may the living do which brought away
Tho' a less bloody yet a nobler prey ?
Who from our flaming TROY, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand :
A brand ! preserv'd to warm some Prince's heart ;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
So VENUS, from prevailing GREEKS, did throw
The ‡ hope of ROME, and sav'd him in a clond.

* Henrietta Maria. youngest Daughter to K. Charles I.

† K. Charles II.

‡ Æneas.

VOL. I.

K

98 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
 Begin a better and absolve this age.
 Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
 Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime!
 Let him that draws it hide the rest in night:
 This portion only may indure the light,
 Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultless shape,
 Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
 When thro' the guards, the river and the sea,
 Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
 As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
 The forest walled; and that lofty tree
 Which holds her nest about to be o'er-thrown,
 Before the feathers of her young are grown;
 She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
 But bears them boldly on her wings away:
 So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
 Her Princely burthen to the GALLIC shore.
 Born in the storms of war this Royal Fair,
 Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
 Tho' now she flies her native isle (less kind
 Less safe for her, than either sea or wind!)
 Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
 See her great Brother on the BRITISH throne:
 Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
 But which rules most, his sceptre or her eyes,

To a Fair LADY playing with a SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror and such grace,
 Should dwell together in one place;
 A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth that makes
In CHLOEIS' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard :
The tyrant has a double guard !

Thrice happy snake ! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep : we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that vest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know ;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed fair Eve you do not make
Another tempter of this snake :
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from MIRA's charms :

MIRA can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye ;
Quit all that LELY's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
Than in another's song is found :
And all her well plac'd words are darts.
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright stars and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the Night are hid by day :

150 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which, by the splendor of her view
Dazled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark :
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get ;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care :
He that on her his bold hand lays
With CUPID's pointed arrows plays ;
They with a touch, (they are so keen !)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ship-wreck'd by her breath :
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail :
'Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock of love.

So we th' ARABIAN coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow ;
By the rich odor taught to steer,
The' neither day, nor stars appear.

Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS Translated

Beginning at V. 437.

• • • • *Talesque miserrima fletus.*
Fertque refertque soror. • • • •

And ending with

Adnixi torquent spumas, & carula verrunt. V. 582.

ALL this her weeping • sister does repeat
To the † stern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Lost were her pray'rs, and fruitless were her tears!
Fate and great Jove, had stop'd his gentle ears.
And when loud winds a well grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boist'rous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground:
He fixed stands: as deep his root doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No less on ev'ry side the Heroe prest,
Feels love, and pity shake his noble breast:
And down his cheeks tho' fruitless tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heav'n to hate:
Her resolution to dispatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes:

• *Anna.* † *Æneas.*

102 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, nor her own sister, knows,
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which she much ador'd :
With snowy fleeces, and fresh garlands, crown'd :
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful sound ;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb :
And dismal owls preface the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her error, and her fall foretold :
Scorn'd, and deserted, to herself she seems ;
And finds *ÆNEAS* cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad *PENTHUS*, double *THERES* appears ;
And *Furies* howl in his distemper'd ears.
ORESTES so, with like distraction tost,
Is mad'd to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief, and fury, to their height arrive ;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear sister ! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love,
Beyond the land of *ÆTHIOPIA*, lies
The place where *ATLAS* does support the skies :
Hence came an old magician that did keep
Th' *HESPERIAN* fruit, and made the dragon sleep.
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve
The course of rivers, and of heav'n, can stop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye Gods : and thou, my dearest part !
Now loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace :

* *Sichæus.*

With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest;
(The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we
May raise the man out of our memory.

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth these sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than SICHÆUS murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines, do lie;
Hung all with wreaths, and flow'ry garlands round;
So by herself was her own fun'ral crown'd!
Upon the top the TROJAN's image lies
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies,
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her pray'r:
On CHAOS, EREBUS, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls besprinkling all the room
With drops, suppos'd from LETHE's lake to come,
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows,
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Hold the devoted Queen, and bare-foot stands:
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
And ev'ry Pow'r: if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill requited love!

Now was the time, when weary mortals sleep
Their careful temples in the dew of SLEEP
On seas on earth and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell:
But not on DIDO! whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by Sacred night confin'd;

104 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul : What shall I do ?
With fate inverted shall I humbly woo ?
And some proud Prince, in wild NAMIDIA born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn ?
Or shall I with th' ungrateful TROJAN go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe ?
Is not enough, by sad experience ! known
The perjur'd race of false LAOMEDON !
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,
Bands hardly forced from their native place ?
No, — dye ! and let this sword thy fury tame ;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah sister ! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow,
Had I been constant to SICHÆUS still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill !

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,
While the DARDANIAN does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd ;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd ;
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like MERCURY.

Fair VENUS' seed ! can'st thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep ?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind !
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine ;
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to dye ;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the God in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd ÆNEAS, with the warning fir'd,

Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his Men,
 Behold ! the Gods command our flight again :
 Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread :
 What God soe'er that thus vouchsaf' st to lead,
 We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
 Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
 And make the rest propitious !—With that word,
 He cuts the cable with his shining sword :
 Thro' all the navy doth like ardour reign,
 They quit the shore, and rush into the main :
 Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
 NEPTUNE'S smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

*On the PICTURE of a Fair YOUTH, taken after he was
 DEAD.*

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
 Look gay, and fresh, as on the stalk they grew ;
 Torn from the root that nourish'd them, a while
 (Not taking notice of their fate) they smile ;
 And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, show
 Fairer than those that to their autumn grow :
 So love, and beauty, still that visage grace ;
 Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
 Alive, the hand of crooked Age had mar'd
 Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.

No wonder then he sped in love so well.
 When his high passion he had breath to tell ;
 When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
 No business had, but to persuade that dame ;
 Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
 That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

106 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
 This curious web, where all their fancies shine;
 As nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
 Soft as their hands, and various as their thought,
 Not JUNO's bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
 He woos the female to the painted bed;
 No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
 So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

*A PANEGYRIC to my LORD PROTECTOR, on the present
 Greatness, and joint Interest, of his HIGHNESS and this
 Nation.*

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
 You bridle faction and our hearts command:
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign;
 And own no liberty, but where they may
 Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as NEPTUNE shew'd his face
 To chide the winds, and save the TROJAN race:
 So, has your HIGHNESS, rais'd above the rest,
 Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
 Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
 The seat of empire, where the IRISH come,
 And the unwilling SCOTS, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails each vessel of our Fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this Island to give law,
To balance EUROPE, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on BRITAIN smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus creared; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your Court;
And then your HIGHNESS, not for ours alone,
But for the world's PROTECTOR shall be known.

FAME swifter than your winged navy, flies,
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy, and rapine, use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By Us, embrac'd by the sea, and You?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we,
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And ev'ry coast may trouble, or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

108 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend at pleasure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid,

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth, hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As EGYPT does not on the clouds rely,
But to the NILE owes more than to the sky:
So, what our earth, and what our heav'n, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot ARABIA's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in PERSIAN silks we shine;
And without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the INDIANS mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
ROME, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own.

Here the third EDWARD, and the BLACK PRINCE too,
FRANCE-conqu'ring HENRY flourish'd; and now YOU:
From whom we stay'd, as did the GRECIAN state,
Till ALEXANDER came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the MACEDONIAN cry'd,
He wist not THETIS in her lap did hide
Another yet ; a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than That he did subdue.

He safely might old Troops to battel lead,
Against th' unwarlike PERSIAN, and the Mæg;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils, than honour, to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold;
The CALEDONIANS, arm'd with want, and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old ROMAN wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind ;
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come,
Our ENGLISH iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun : but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of ROME.

Like favour find the IRISH, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

110 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

HOLLAND, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent :
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing Posts, the terror and the news ;
Our neighbour-Princes tremble at their roar :
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease ;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace :
Our minds with bounty, and with awe, engage,
Invite affection and restrain our rage,

Let's pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing : and to punish, loth ;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age mis-led,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread :
The only cure which could from heaven come down,
Was so much pow'r and piety, in one.

One ! whose extraction from an antient line
Gives hope again that well born men may shine :
The meanest, in your nature mild and good ;
The Noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
 A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
 How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
 And practise first over yourself to reign,

Your private life did a just pattern give,
 How fathers, husbands, pious sons should live:
 Born to command, your Princely virtues slept
 Like humble DAVID's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,
 Dazling the eyes of all that did pretend,
 To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
 Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you:
 Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without Noise,
 The risin sun nights vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
 Run, with amazement we should read your story;
 But living virtue, all atchievements past,
 Meets envy still, to grapple with at last,

This CÆSAR found; and that ungrateful age,
 With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
 Mistaken BRUTUS thought to break their yoke,
 But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
 Gave a dim light to violence and wars:
 To such a tempest, as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

112 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

If ROME's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies but by you?

You that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
To ev'ry duty, could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose at last,
Itself into AUGUSTUS arms did cast;
So ENGLAND now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the MUSES, with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, and armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse:
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays, and olive, bring

To crown your head ; while you in triumph ride
 O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside :
 While all our Neighbour-Princes unto you,
 Like JOSEPH'S sheaves pay reverence and bow.

On a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at Sea.

NOW, for some ages had the pride of SPAIN
 Made the sun shine on half the world in vain ;
 While she bid war to all, shat durst supply
 The place of those her cruelty made dye.
 Of nature's bounty men forbore to taste ;
 And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
 From the new world, her silver and her gold
 Came, like a tempest, to confound the old.
 Feeding with these the brib'd Electo's hopes,
 Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes :
 With these accomplishing her vast designs,
 EUROPE was shaken with her INDIAN mines.

When BRITIAN, looking with a just disdain
 Upon this gilded majesty of SPAIN ;
 And knowing well that empire must decline,
 Whose chief support, and sinews are of coin ;
 Our nation's solid virtue did oppose,
 To the rich troublers of the world's repose

And now some months encamping on the Main,
 Our naval army had besieged SPAIN :
 They that the world's monarchy design'd,
 Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd ;
 From whence, our red Cross they triumphant see,
 Riding without a rival on the sea,

Others may use the ocean as their road,
 Only the ENGLISH make it their abode :

114 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' unconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while the Spaniards in AMERICA

Near to the line the sun approaching saw;
And hop'd their EUROPEAN coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships, by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons, stuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive slowly tow'rd's their fate,
Before St. LUCAS they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard some ships of ours (tho' out of view)
And, swift as eagles to the quarry flew:
So heedless lambs, which for their mathers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day:
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the Fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly.
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent stars, one fate they have;
The ship their coffin and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when ship wreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind
They that had sail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock, or sea!
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror, and in noise.

Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
 And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray :
 Here, heav'n in vain that kind retreat should sound :
 The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
 Some, we made prize ? while others, burnt and rent,
 With their rich lading to the bottom went :
 Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports !)
 The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
 Vain man ! whose rage buries as low that store,
 As avarice had dig'd for it before :
 What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
 From greedy hands, lies safer in the Deep :
 Where THETIS kindly does from mortals hide
 Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
 Fell, with the noblest of our enemies :
 The * Marquis, (glad to see the fire destroy
 Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
 Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
 To perish in a milder element :
 Then laid him by his burning Lady's side ;
 And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
 Spices, and gums, about them melting fry,
 And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they dye :
 Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd ;
 And now, together are to ashes turn'd :
 Ashes ! more worth than all their fun'ral cost ;
 Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
 These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
 Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns :
 Beauty, and youth, about to perish finds
 Such noble pity in brave ENGLISH minds :
 That, (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize,)
 All labour now to save their enemies.

* of Bajadoz.

116 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour, and for plate,
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes indeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious MONTAGU,
With laurels in his hand, and half PERU.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great PROTECTOR hath such wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forth-with be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of SPANISH gold.

On the DEATH of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our Isle;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. — So ROMULUS was lost!
New ROME in such a tempest miss'd her King;
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On OETA's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero, from the continent

Ravish'd whole towns ; and forts from Spaniard's rest,
As his last legacy to Britain left.

The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,

Could give no limits to his vaster mind,

Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil ;

Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our Isle :

Under the tropic is our language spoke ;

And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.

From civil broils he did us dis-engage ;

Found nobler objects for our martial rage :

And, with wise conduct, to his country shov'd

The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no tears allow

To him, that gaye us peace, and empire too.

Princes, that fear'd him, grieve ; concern'd to see

No pitch of glory from the grave is free.

Nature her self took notice of his death,

And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,

That, to remotest shores her billows row'd,

Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

To the KING, on his MAJESTY's happy Return.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,

First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of light

At such a distance from our eyes, as tho'

He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth

In the meridian of your reign : Your worth,

Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,

(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate !)

With such a flood of light invade our eyes,

And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize ;

118 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

That, if your grace incline that we should live,
 Thou must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.

Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
 Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
 Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
 Watching your sceptre: the revolted sea
 Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind POLYPHEMUS, of late,
 In a wild rage, became the scorn, and hate,
 Of her proud neighbours; who began to think,
 She with the weight of her own force, would sink.
 But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
 This Gians-Isle has got her eye again.

Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
 Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
 Naked, the GRACES guarded you from all
 Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder shall
 Princes that saw you different passions prove;
 For now they dread the object of their love;
 Nor without envy can behold his height,
 Whose conversation was their late delight.

So SEMELE, contented with the rape
 Of JOVE, disguised in a mortal shape;
 When she behold his hands with lightning fill'd,
 And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And tho' it be our sorrow, and our crime,
 To have accepted life so long a time
 Without you here; yet does this absence gain
 No small advantage to your present reign,
 For, having view'd the persons, and the things,
 The councils, state, and strength of EUROPE's Kings.
 You know your work; ambition to restrain,
 And set them bounds, as heav'n does to the Main.

We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practise, taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern employ'd :
He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This feat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here : your pow'r, and skill,
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suff'ring Monarch ! the first English born,
That has the crown of these three nations worn !
How has your patience with the barb'rous rage
Of your own soil contended half an age ?
Till your try'd virtue, and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies, and fleets, which kept you out so long.
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his wrong,
When strait the people by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire ;
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay ;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin :
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroll ;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the * MACEDONIAN got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot ;

* *Alexander.*

120 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

What glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravell'd Int'rests? has the knot unty'd,
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft, and malice, such impeachments laid!

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw th' untouch'd wall
Of self demolish'd JERICHO so low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go:
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affection yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crown'd like JON'S your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For tho' your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could indure the shock!
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude INDIAN'S, tort'ring all the royal race,
Him with the throne, and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found:
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While, to your self severe, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, law, and piety, (that banish'd train!)
Justice and truth, with you return again:
The cities tread, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud, or strife,

Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again: |
Kind heav'n at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per abenea signa,
Quàm per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * **

Horat.

On ST. JAMES'S PARK, as lately Improv'd by his MAJESTY.

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rowling by the side
Of EDEN's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas to which they go,
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of ORPHEUS, or AMPHION's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!

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122 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

May he live long enough, to see them all
 Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall !
 Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
 The lovers walking in that am'rous shade :
 The Gallants dancing by the river side ;
 They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
 Methinks I hear the musick in the boats,
 And the loud Echo which returns the Notes :
 While over-head a flock of new-sprung fowl
 Hangs in the air, and does the fun controul,
 Dark'ning the sky : they hover o'er and shrowd
 The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
 Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
 And plays about the gilded barges' sides :
 The Ladies, angling in the chrystal lake,
 Feast on the waters with the prey they take :
 At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,
 They make the fishes, and the men, their prize.
 A thousand CUPIDS on the billows ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling tide :
 From THERIS sent as spies, to make report,
 And tell the wonders of her Sov'reign's Court.
 All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
 Or dead, the palate, here you may descry :
 The choicest things that furnish'd NOAH's ark,
 Or PETER's sheet, inhabiting this Park :
 All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound,
 Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
 Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup :
 There ice, like chrystal firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot July with December's frost ;

Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the ALPS or in deep caves below.

Here, a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
To see our Prince his matchless force employ:
His manly posture, and his graceful mein,
Vigour, and youth, in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
Free from th' impediments of light, and noise,
Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here CHARLES contrives the ord'ring of his state,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes' fates:
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world, from INDIA to the frozen north,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The prospect thought, and contemplation, gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;

124 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The structure by a * Prelate rais'd, WHITE-HALL,
 Built with the fortune of ROME's Capitol :
 Both, disproportion'd to the present state
 Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
 From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
 Where royal heads receive the sacred gold :
 It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep ;
 There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep :
 Making the circle of their reign complete,
 Those suns of empire ! where they rise they set,
 When others fell, this standing did presage
 The crown should triumph over popular rage :
 Hard by that ‡ House where all our ills were shar'd.
 Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
 So, snow on ÆTNA does unmelted lye,
 Whence rowling flames, and scatter'd cinders, fly ;
 The distant country in the ruin shares,
 What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
 Next, that || capacious Hall he sees, the room
 Where the whole nation does for justice come :
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
 And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
 Here like the people's pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below :
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find :
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to public care.
 Here, free from Court-compliances, he walks ;
 And with himself, his best adviser, talks :
 How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
 For mending laws and for restoring trade :

* Cardinal Wolsey. † Westminster Abbey.

‡ House of Commons. || Westminster Hall.

Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
 For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
 Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states :
 What ruling arts gave great AUGUSTUS fame ;
 And how ALCIDES purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes upon the * native Palace bent
 Close by, suggest a greater argument :
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd ; to let us see,
 Day, for his sake could with the night agree :
 A Prince, on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile !
 Whatever heav'n or high extracted blood
 Could promise to foretel, he will make good :
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

On the Invasion and Defeat of the TURKS, in the Year 1683.

THE modern NIMROD, with a safe delight
 Persuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase and sacrifice to fame.

A Prince, with eunuchs, and the softer sex,
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex :
 Provoke the GERMAN and, neglecting heav'n,
 Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

His grand Visier, presuming to invest
 The † chief imperial city of the west,

* St James's. † Vienna.

426 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master, vain.
The flying TURKS, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling SULTAN's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant tho' a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He BASSAS' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now the SULTAN to preserve must dye.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
When breaking truce, he so unjustly fought:
Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty and instruct the proud;
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The TURKS so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another SOLYMAN they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting dread,
That num'rous herd by such a lion led,
He RHODES, and BUDA, from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing TURKS, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christian's perish, by themselves oppress'd:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
Than the victorious people are undone!

What Angel shall descend to reconcile
 The Christian States, and end their guilty toil?
 A Prince more fit from heav'n we cannot ask,
 Than BRITAIN'S King, for such a glorious task:
 His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind;
 Gives him the fear, and favour of mankind.
 His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
 On that relying, all their quarrels end.
 The peace is sign'd, and BRITAIN does obtain,
 What ROME had fought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battels won, Fortune a part doth claim,
 And soldiers have their portion in the same:
 In this successful union we find
 Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
 'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
 Without unsheathing the destructive sword:
 Without a Tax upon his subjects laid,
 Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
 And what can they to such a Prince deny,
 With whose desires the greatest Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
 This happy way he march'd into the throne:
 And we owe more to heav'n than to the sword,
 The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

CHARLES, by old GREECE with a new freedom grac'd,
 Above her antique Heroes shall be plac'd.
 What TARSEUS did, or THEBAN HERCULES,
 Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
 Which on the FURKS shall greater honour gain,
 Than all their giants, and their monsters, slain.
 Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
 This glorious act the living do behold.

*To the QUEEN, upon her MAJESTY'S Birth-Day, after her
Happy Recovery from a Dangerous Sickneſs.*

FAREWEL the year! which threaten'd ſo

The faireſt light the world can ſhow.

Welcome the new! whoſe ev'ry day,

Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away

By pining ſickneſs from the Fair,

That matchleſs beauty does repair;

So faſt, that the approaching ſpring,

(Which does to ſlow'ry meadows bring,

What the rude winter from them tore)

Shall give her all ſhe had before.

But, we recover not ſo faſt

The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;

We that eſteem'd you ſent from heav'n,

A pattern to this Iſland giv'n;

To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there;

And what alive they practis'd here;

When that, which we immortal thought,

We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,

Felt all which you did then indure;

And tremble yet, as not ſecure.

So, tho' the ſun victorious be,

And from a dark eclipse ſet free;

The influence, which we fondly fear,

Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care

Is, that you have a help ſo near

For all the evil you can prove;

The kindneſs of your Royal Love.

He, that was never known to mourn,

So many kingdoms from him torn,

His tears reserv'd for you : more dear,
 More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were !
 For when no healing art prevail'd,
 When cordials, and elixirs, fail'd ;
 On your pale cheek he drop'd the show'r,
 Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT, to her MAJESTY, on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
 A glorious saint, a matchless Queen :
 Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
 The Saint above, th' INFANTA here,
 May all those Years, which CATHERINE
 The Martyr did for heav'n resign,
 Be added to the line
 Of your blest life among us here !
 For all the pains that she did feel,
 And all the torments of her wheel,
 May you as many pleasures share !

May heav'n itself content
 With CATHERINE the saint !
 Without appearing old,
 An hundred times may you,
 With eyes as bright as now,
 This welcome day behold !

130 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

To her MAJESTY on NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been,
 How are we chang'd, since we first saw the Queen ?
 She, like the sun, does still the same appear ;
 Bright as she was at her arrival here !
 TIME has commission mortals to impair,
 But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.
 May ev'ry New Year find her still the same,
 In health, and beauty, as she hither came !
 When Lords, and Commons, with united voice.
 Th' INFANTA nam'd, approv'd the royal choice :
 First of our Queens, whom not the KING alone,
 But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
 With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
 The * glorious Prince, that does the TURK confound.
 Victorious both ! His conduct wins the day ;
 And her example chases vice away.
 Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

On TEA commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, PHOEBUS has his bays ;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise ;
 The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
 To that bold nation which the way did show
 To the fair region, where the sun does rise ;
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.

* John Sobieski K. of Poland.

The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
 Repress those vapours which the head invade;
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit on her Birth-day, to salute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady Actors: Spoken before
 K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown;
 But lay aside the greatness of your crown!
 And that look, which does your people awe,
 When in your throne, and robes, you give them law,
 Lay it by here; and give a gentler smile!
 Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
 He listens to APOLLO's charming lyre,
 Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
 Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
 And after do as love, and fortune, will:
 We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
 In our own cloaths more serious, and more wise.
 Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold;
 We seem warm lovers, tho' our breasts be cold.
 A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
 If we act well the parts to which we're born.

*Of her ROYAL HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince of ORANGE:
 and of Her Portrait written by the late Dutchess of YORK
 while She liv'd with Her.*

HEROIC nymph! in tempests the support,
 In peace the glory of the BRITISH Court!
 Into whose arms the Church, the State, and all
 That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.

Ages to come, that shali your bounty hear,
 Will think you mistress of the INDIES were:
 Tho' freighter bounds your fortune did confine,
 In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
 Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
 Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
 While some your beauty some your bounty sing,
 Your native isle does with your praises ring:
 But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
 Gives us your character in such a strain,
 As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
 Could know such worth: or worth describe so well
 So, while we mortals here at heav'n do guess,
 And more our weakness, than the place, express;
 Some Angel, a domestic there, comes down,
 And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

*To the Duchess of ORLEANS, when She was taking leave of
 the Court at DOVER.*

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise,
 ENGLAND first saw the light of your fair eyes.
 In ENGLISH too your early wit was shown;
 Favour that language! which was then your own,
 When, though a child, thro' guards you made your way?
 What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
 Thrice happy BRITAIN! if she could retain,
 Whom she first bred within her ambient Main,
 Our late burnt LONDON, in apparel new,
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
 But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:

* Lady Anne Hyde,

No wind can favour us ; howe'er it blows,
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose !
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell —
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewell !

*On Her * MAJESTY'S New Buildings at
 SOMERSET-HOUSE.*

GREAT **Q**UEEN ! that does our Island bless,
 With Princes, and with palaces :
 Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,
 Returning, you adorn the town ;
 And, with a brave revenge, do show
 Their glory went, and came, with you.

While peace from hence, and you were gone,
 Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
 Those wounds which civil rage did give,
 At once you pardon, and relieve.

Constant to **E**NGLAND in your love,
 As birds are to their wonted grove ;
 Tho' by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
 There, the next spring, again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
 Not **B**RITAIN, for that fatal war ;
 Your kindness banishes your fear,
 Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this work supplies ?
 Can such a pile from ruin rise ?
 This like the first creation shows,
 As if at your command it rose.

* *Henrietta Maria, Q. Dowager of K. Charles I.*

134 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Frugality, and bounty too;
(Those diff'ring virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, store,
You both imploy, and feed, the poor.

Let foreign Princes vainly boast

The rude effects of pride, and cost;

Of vaster fabrics, to which they

Contribute nothing, but the pay.

This, by the Queen herself design'd,

Gives us a pattern of her mind :

The state, and order, does proclaim

The genius of that Royal Dame.

Each part with just proportion grac'd,

And all to such advantage plac'd ;

That the fair view her window yields,

The town, the river, and the fields,

Ent'ring, beneath us we descry ;

And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend :

All seems before her feet to bend :

And here, as she was born, she lies ;

High, without taking pains to rise.

On a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR hand ! that can on virgin-paper write,

Yet, from the stain of ink, preserve it white,

Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,

Like track of leverets in morning-snow.

Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,

Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.

Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,

Without the help of Colours, or of oil !

For, tho' a painter boughs, and leaves, can make;
 'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
 Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
 Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
 ORPHEUS could make the forest dance; but you
 Can make the motion, and the forest too.

*To a LADY, from whom He received the foregoing Copy,
 which for many years had been lost.*

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
 All they subdue become their spics;
 Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
 Presented to oblige the Fair:
 No wonder then, that a lost thought
 Should there be found, where Souls are caught.

The picture of fair VENUS, (that,
 For which Men say, the Goddess's far)
 Was lost, 'till LELY from your look
 Again that glorious image took.

If virtue's self were lost, we might
 From your fair mind new copies write:
 All things, but one, you can restore;
 The heart you get returns no more.

On the Lady MARY, Princess of ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
 Out of the strong such sweetness came;
 A royal Hero, no less brave,
 Produc'd this sweet, this lovely, dame.

136 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

To her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the field,
And HOLLAND from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not BELGIA's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise :
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

ORANGE, with youth, experience has ;
In action young, in council old :
ORANGE is, what AUGUSTUS was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Blossoms, and fruit, at once are found :
In him we all admire the same,
His flow'ry youth with wisdom crown'd ?

Empire, and freedom, reconcil'd
In HOLLAND are, by great NASSAW :
Like those he sprung from, just, and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair ! so near ally'd,
In royal blood, and virtue too !
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo !

The Church shall be the happy place,
Where streams which from the same source run,
Tho' divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

OCCASIONS 1371

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all :
For, while he thus his Neceit beflows,
About our life he builds a wall ;

A wall ! like that which ATHENS had,
By th' oracle's advice of wood ;
Had theirs been such as CHARLES has made,
That mighty state 'till now had stood.

On ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their work shall with the world remain :
Both bound together, live, or die,
The verses, and the prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last, in a daily-changing tongue ?
While they are new, envy prevails ;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art :
Time, if we use ill chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in LATIN, or in GREEK :
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'er-flows.

238 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

CHAUCER his sense can only boast;
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The Beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous Poet's scope;
And all an ENGLISH pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Versè, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

*On the Earl of RosCOMMON's Translation of HORACE, De
Arte Poeticâ : And of the Use of Poetry.*

ROME was no better by her HORACE taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought :
The Poet writ to noble PISO there ;
A noble PISO does instruct us here :
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style ;
And with rich precepts does oblige our Isle :
BRITAIN ! whose genius is in verse express ;
Bold, and sublime ; but negligently dress'd.
HORACE will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune :

Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Tho' Poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy, and his judgment, shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.

The fountain which from HALISON proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns, and thistles, grow,
Which envy, or perverted nature sow,

Well sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prole unfold;
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a publick action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council, or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great Acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd)
With admiration, or as much despis'd):
Men will be less indulgent to their faults:
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts,
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear.:

140 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving Heroes fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes.
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So, wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to their hive,
Unite thoir force, and teach them how to thrive;
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil;
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
They give us food, which may with Nectar vie,
And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

Ad COMITEM MONUMETENSEM de BENTIVOGLIO suo.

FLORIBUS ANGLIGENIS non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber:
Per me ROMA sciet tibi se debere, quod ANGLO
ROMANUS didicit cultius ore loqui
Ultima quæ tellus Aquillas duce CÆSARE vidit,
Candida ROMULIDUM te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto!
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis Liber hic instructus, et arte BATAVA,
A BEIGA novis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; discordes FLANDRIA quassa monet.
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;
Qui regnant, leni sceptrâ tenere manu.
Macte, COMES! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum stertunt alii somna vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

To Mr. KILLEGREW, upon his altering his Play PANDORA,
from a Tragedy into a Comedy, because not approv'd on
the Stage.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play :
You had oblig'd us by imploying wit,
Not to reform PANDORA, but the Pit.
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song ;
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow-daws :
So, must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould :
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

On the Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition into SCOTLAND,
in the Summer Solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (* the winged god)

With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command :
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land ;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the Hero with continu'd light.

On foes surpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd ; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour, or his grace.
This not well heard his cannon louder spoke ;
And then, like light'ning, thro' that cloud he broke.

* Mercury.

142 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

His fame, his conduct and that martial look,
The guilty SCOTS with such a terror strook;
That to his courage they resign the field.
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many BRITONS should be lost:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to wind the field:
And at the Court his Int'rest does imploy,
That none, who scap'd his fatal Sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind:
One! whose great mind, so bountiful, and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer, and to save.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these in high extraction tell:
And give a secret joy to him that reigns,
To see his blood triumph in MONMOUTH's veins:
To see a leader whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeming envy, like the sun, does beat,
With scorching rays on all that's high, and great:
This, ill-requited MONMOUTH is the bough
The MUSES send, to shade thy conqu'ring brow:
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time, and thunder, pay respect to bays.
ACHILLES' arms dazzle our present view;
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of VULCAN first they came;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same.
Such care she takes, to pay desert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

* K. Charles II.

*To a Friend of the Author, a Person of Honour, who lately
write a Religious Book, intitled, Historical Applications,
and Occasional Meditations upon several Subjects.*

BOLD is the man that dares engage

For piety, in such an age;
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when heav'n's so little spar'd
Divines are pardon'd: they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light, to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth, and fortune, warrant give
That such Men write what they believe:
And feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our Author brings
His well known Pedigree, from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wish the throng of Great and Good,
Made it less easily understood.

*To a Person of Honour, upon his incomparable, incompre-
hensible Poem, intitled THE BRITISH PRINCES,*

SIR! you've oblig'd the British nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As brass, or marble, to your fame, have rear'd.

144 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

For as all warlike nations take delight
 To hear how their brave ancestors could fight;
 You have advanc'd to wonder their Renown,
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own;
 That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write,
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
 You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
 More, than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
 Explain'd their customs, and their rights a-new,
 Better than all their Druids ever knew:
 Unriddled those dark oracles, as well
 As those, that made them, could themselves foretell.
 For, as the BRITONS long have hop'd in vain,
 ARTHUR would come to govern them again:
 You have fulfill'd that prophesy alone,
 And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
 To raise the dead and give new life to men;
 Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove.
 For, as eternity has neither past,
 Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last;
 But is all instant; your eternal Muse
 All ages can to any one reduce.
 Then, why should you, whose miracles of art,
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
 Trouble in vain your better busied head,
 To observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
 For, since you have such arbitrary pow'r,
 It were defect in judgment to go low'r;
 Or stoop to things so pityfully lewd,
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.
 For, no man's fit to read what you have writ,
 That holds not some proportion with your Wit,

As light can no way but by light appear :
He must bring sense, that understands it here.

To Mr. CREECH, on his Translation of LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, tho' few could hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.

Thou, from the antient learned LATIN store,
Giv'st us one author and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the stage
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wond'rous monster breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with Weeds.
There, Farce is Comedy ; bombast call'd strong ;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a Song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days ;
For sure the antients never wrote such Plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenth nor the glory for to starve.
That SPENSER knew, that TASSO felt before ;
And death found surly BEN exceeding poor.
Heav'n turn the omen from their image here !
May he with joy the well plac'd laurel wear !
Great VIRGIL's happier fortune may he find,
And be our CÆSAR, like AUGUSTUS kind !

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head ;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread :
Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care ;
But art above what other Poets fear,
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command ?
Thou know'st in youth what age has sought in vain,
And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.

146 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet
 Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
 We read, and read again: and still admire
 Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous fire!
 Pardon this rapture, SIR! But who can be
 Cold, and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
 Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
 And by your help these wretched lines may live.
 But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
 They seem unworthy to behold the light;
 Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan:
 But, dying silently your, justice own.

The TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair MAZRINE had run,
 Bright as her fellow-traveller the sun;
 Hither at length the ROMAN eagle flies,
 At the last triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
 As heir to JULIUS, she may pretend
 A second time to make the Island mend.
 But PORTSMOUTH, springing from the antient race
 Of BRITONS, which the SAXONS here did chase;
 As they great CÆSAR did oppose makes head,
 And does against this new invader lead.
 That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
 Careless, and fearless, to the field does go
 Becoming blushes on the other wait,
 And her young look excuses want of height.
 Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
 Must not be won the AMAZONIAN way.
 Legions of CUPIDS to the battle come,
 & LITTLE BRITAIN these, and those for ROME,

Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair,
 Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
 What may the Fates design ! for never yet
 From distant regions two such Beauties met.
 VENUS had been an equal friend to both,
 And VICT'RY to declare herself seems loth :
 Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies ;
 'Till CHLORIS shining in the field she spies.
 The lovely CHLORIS well attended came,
 A thousand GRACES waited on the dame :
 Her matchless form made all the ENGLISH glad,
 And foreign Beauties less assurance had.
 Yet, like the tree on IDA's top, they all
 Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
 Which to determine, LOVE himself declin'd,
 Lest the neglected should become less kind.
 Such killing looks ! so thick the arrows fly !
 That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
 Poets, approaching to describe the fight.
 Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
 They with less hazard might look on, and draw
 The ruder combats in ALSATIA :
 And, with that soil of violence, and rage,
 Set-off the splendor of our golden age :
 Where LOVE gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways ;
 And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys,

*On an ELEGY made by Mrs WHARTON on the Earl of
 ROCHESTER*

THUS mourn the MUSES ! on the hero's
 Not throwing tears, but 'asting verse :
 Which so preserve the Hero's name,
 They make him live again in fame.

148 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

CHLORIS, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just, and high, renown;
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shews, that still in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great and good;
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest CHLORIS! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake;
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

To CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent, we know,
Must for some cause be valu'd so;
Things without use, tho' they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful MAY.
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our stars do shew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, since still known
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good, or ill.

On our late Loss of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

THE falling blossoms which a young plant bears,

Engage our hope for the succeeding years :

And hope is all which art, or nature, brings,

At the first trial, to accomplish things.

Mankind was first created an essay ;

That ruder draught the Deluge wash'd away.

How many ages pass'd, what blood, and toil,

Before we made one kingdom of this isle !

How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame

A perfect Princess, e'er her HIGHNESS came ?

For joys so great we must with patience wait,

'Tis the set-price of happiness complete.

As a first-fruit, heav'n claim'd that lovely boy :

The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

*INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER, for the Drawing of the
Posture, and Progress, of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea,
under the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL Together
with the Battel and Victory, obtain'd over the DUTCH,
June 3, 1665.*

FIRST draw the sea ; that portion which between

The greater world and this of ours is seen :

Here place the British, there the HOLLAND fleet,

Vast floating armies ! both prepar'd to meet.

Draw the whole world expecting who should reign,

After this combat o'er the conquer'd Main.

Make heav'n concern'd and an unusual star

Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.

Make the sea shine with gallantry and all

The ENGLISH youth flock to their Admiral,

150 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The valiant DUKE ! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.
His bright sword now a dearer int'rest draws,
His Brother's glory and his country's cause.

Let thy hold pencil hope and courage spread
Thro' the whole navy by that Hero led :
Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell more than with the wind :
Preventing cannon make his louder fame
Check the batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent, to use the sea, and wind :
While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the INDIES in his armed hand.

Paint an east wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay :
Make them look pale, and, the bold prince to shun,
Thro' the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers ;
Confessing now, he dreads the ENGLISH mere,
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore ;
While from our arms security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind,
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a worthy prey ;
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The DUTCH their wine, and all their brandy lose ;
Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows :

While the glad ENGLISH, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to AFRIC's coast extend,
And make the MOORS before the ENGLISH bend:
Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give:
Deserted by the DUTCH, let nations know,
We can our own, and their great business do:
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which worse than tempests, did infest the Main.
Within those STREIGHTS, make HOLLAND's SMYRNA fleet:
With a small Squadron of the ENGLISH meet:
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint confusion in a various shape:
Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:
EUROPE, and AFRICA, from either shore
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the HOLLAND shore;
The world they compass'd, while they fought with SPAIN;
But here already they resign the Main:
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks, and tempests, lie;
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their single towns th' IBERIAN armies press;
We all their PROVINCES at once invest:
And, in a month, ruin their traffick more,
Than that long war could, in an age, before.

But, who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.

152 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Spreading our sails, to HARWICH we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the BRITISH Court.
Th' illustrious DUCHESS, and her glorious train,
(Like THETIS, with her Nymphs) adorn the Main.
The gazing Sea-Gods, since the * PAPHIAN Queen
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless Pow'rs for us themselves declare:
Resolv'd the aid of NEPTUNE's Court to bring;
And help the nation where such Beauties spring;
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies' eyes.

Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
The DUTCH (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports; and falling in their way,
Our HAMBURG merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
Enough to serve us 'till we reach our foes.
Who now appear so numerous, and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient ENGLISH scarce attend the light,
But now the morning, (heav'n severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And PHOEBUS lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
Vast clouds incounting one another crush:
With swelling sails, so, from their sev'ral coasts,
Join the BATAVIAN, and the BRITISH, hosts.

• Venus.

For a less prize, with less concern, and rage,
 The ROMAN fleets at ACTIUM did engage :
 They, for the empire of the world they knew ;
 These, for the old contend, and for the new.
 At the first shock, with blood, and powder stain'd,
 Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd :
 Fury, and art, produce effects so strange,
 They trouble nature, and her visage change
 Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
 And no light shines, but that by which men die ;
 There YORK appears ; so prodigal is he
 Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea !
 Which down to him, so many ages told,
 Has thro' the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd !
 The great ACHILLES march'd not to the field,
 'Till VULCAN that impenetrable shield,
 And arms, had wrought : yet there no bullets flew ;
 But shafts, and darts, which the weak PHRYGIANS threw.
 Our bolder Hero on the deck does stand
 Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land :
 Defensive arms laid by, as useless here,
 Where massy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
 Some Pow'r unseen those Princes does protect,
 Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
 Against him first OPDAM his Squadron leads,
 Proud of his late success against the SWEDES :
 Made by that action, and his high command,
 Worthy to perish by a Prince's hand.
 The tall BATAVIAN in a vast ship rides,
 Bearing an army in her hollow sides :
 Yet, not inclin'd the ENGLISH ship to board,
 More on his guns relies, than on his sword ;
 From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
 It miss'd the DUKE, but his great heart it griev'd :

• Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
 And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
 Happy ! to whom this glorious death arrives ;
 More to be valu'd than a thousand lives !
 On such a theatre, as this, to die ;
 For such a cause, and such a witness by !
 Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
 To have his blood on such an altar laid ?
 The rest about him strook with horror stood,
 To see their Leader cover'd o'er with blood :
 So trembled JACOB, when he thought the stains
 Of his son's coat had issu'd from his veins.
 He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought ;
 Before, for honour ; now, revenge, he fought :
 His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
 Not brought by FAME) with his own eyes he views.
 His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
 Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth :
 The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
 To follow him, abandon'd,—and their lives !
 He storms, and shoots : but flying bullets now,
 To execute his rage, appear too slow :
 They miss, or sweep but common souls away ;
 For such a loss, ORFAM his life must pay.
 Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
 With fierce intent that hated ship to board :
 And make the guilty DUTCH, with his own arm,
 Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
 His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
 When thro' the clouds to trust a swan she goes :
 The BELGIAN ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
 Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.

• Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.

From both the fleets mens eyes are bent this way,
 Neglecting all the bus'ness of the day :
 Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend ;
 The silent ocean does th' event attend ;
 Which Leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
 And give an earnest of the war's success :
 When heav'n itself, for England to declare,
 Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
 Which * that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
 Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
 And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
 His flight tow'rd heav'n th' aspiring Belgian took ;
 But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook :
 From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
 That durst attempt the BRITISH Admiral :
 From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
 Than from the fiery chariot of the sun :
 That, bears the radiant ensign of the day ;
 And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

The DUKE, (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus prevent,
 The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
 Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
 Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
 So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain.
 Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.

The DUTCH, accuslom'd to the raging sea,
 And in black storms the frowns of heav'n to see,
 Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
 Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
 Fierce, goodly, young ! Mars he resembles, when
 Jovz sends him down to scourge perfidious men :
 Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
 Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.

* P. of Orange.

Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
 Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits :
 With which he pleads his Brother's cause so well,
 He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
 The sea with spoils his angry bullets throw,
 Widows, and Orphans, making as they go :
 Before his Ship, fragments of Vessels torn,
 Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses, are born :
 And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
 Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
 So, the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
 Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
 Beating the shore: and with a boist'rous rage,
 Does heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage,

The DUTCH, elsewhere did thro' the watry field
 Perform enough to have made others yield ;
 But ENGLISH courage, growing as the fight,
 In danger, noise and slaughter takes delight :
 Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply.
 Only restrain'd by death, or victory.
 Iron, and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
 Like show'rs of hail, from either side are born ;
 So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
 Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes !
 Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
 Improves the arts, and instruments, of rage :
 Death-hast'ning ills nature enough has sent,
 And yet men still a thousand more invent !

But Baccus now, which led the Belgians on
 So fierce at first, to favour us begun :
 Brandy, and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
 Render them useless, and betray their strength.
 So corn in Fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
 Revive, and raise themselves, with mod'rate show'rs :

But over-charg'd with never ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again;
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful ENGLISH such advantage find:
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so intangled Belgians blow.

The flame invades the powder-rooms: and then,
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat;

And now, our Royal Admiral succeeds
(With all the marks of victory) does blest
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main,
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise, and tumult of the fight;
His cannon's roar, fore-runner of his fame.
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam;
The BRITISH thunder does their houses rock,
And the DUKE seems at every Door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer, (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair:
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling DUTCH th' approaching Prince behold,
As sheep a lion, leaping tow'ards their fold:
Those piles, which serve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.

" What wonder, may not ENGLISH valour work,
" Led by th' example of victorious YORK?
" Or, what defence against him can they make,
" Who, at such distance, does their country shake?

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" His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow :
 " And let in both the ocean and the foe."
 Thus cry the people :—and their land to keep,
 Allow our title to command the Deep :
 Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
 Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter ! excuse me, if I have a while
 Forgot thy art and us'd another style :
 For, tho' you draw arm'd heroes as they sit;
 The task in battle does the Muses fit :
 They, in the dark confusion of a fight,
 Discover all ; instruct us how to write ;
 And light, and honour, to brave actions yield,
 Hid in the smoke, and tumult, of the field.
 Ages to come shall know the leader's toil,
 And his great name, on whom the Muses smile :
 Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace ;
 And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parllament, the Nobles met ;
 And our Great Monarch, high above them set ;
 Like young AUGUSTUS let his image be,
 Triumphant for that victory at sea ;
 Where † EGYPT'S Queen, and EASTERN Kings, o'erthrown
 Made the possession of the world his own.
 Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
 Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet,
 They vow with lives, and fortunes, to maintain
 Their KING's eternal title to the Main :
 And with a present to the DUKE, approve
 His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

* Charles II. † Cleopatra.

*To the * K I N G.*

GREAT Sir disdain not in this piece to stand,
 Supreme commander both of sea and land;
 Those which inhabit the celestial bow'r,
 Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;
 His club **ALCIBES**, **PHOEBUS** has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy **You**.

But your great providence no colours here
 Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
 Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
 The nation's glory, and our trades increase:
 You, for these ends, whole days in council sit:
 And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,
 If your high wisdom govern'd not their course;
 You as the soul, as the first mover you,
 Vigor and life, on ev'ry part bestow:
 How to build ships, and dreadful Ord'nance cast,
 Instruct the artists: and reward their haste,

So, **Jove** himself, when **TYPHON** heav'n does brave,
 Descends to visit **VULCAN**'s smoaky cave:
 Teaching the brawny **CYCLOPS** how to frame
 His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
 Had the old **GREEKS** discover'd your abode,
CRETE had not been the cradle of their God;
 On that small island they had look'd with scorn;
 And in great **BRITAN** thought the Thund'rer born.

** K. Charles II.*

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*A Preface of the Ruin of the TURKISH Empire: presented
to his Majesty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.*

SINCE JAMES the Second grac'd the British throne,

Truce well observ'd, has been infring'd by none:
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success against the common foe:
While neigh'ring Princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
So, angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent;
As now he gives it to the Continent,
A Prince more fit, for such a glorious task,
Than ENGLAND'S King, from heav'n we cannot ask:
He, (great, and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such Kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold;
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem, and rev'rence, thro' the world do find.
A Prince with such advantages as these
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
BRITAIN declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride;
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, incline to present peace;
Join to the Turk's destruction and then bring
All their pretences to so just a King.

W the successful troublers of mankind,
 With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find ;
 Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
 That stop their progress, and their rage oppose ?
 Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
 Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The British Monarch shall the glory have,
 That famous GREECE remains no longer slave ;
 That source of art, and cultivated thought !
 Which they to ROME ; and ROMANS hither brought.

The banish'd MUSES shall no longer mourn ;
 But may with Liberty to Greece return ;
 Tho' slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
 They lost their genius, and poetic rage ;
 Homers again, and Pindars may be found ;
 And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand ;
 Christians divided under the command—
 Of jarring Princes, would be soon undone,
 Did not this Hero make their int'rest one :
 Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
 Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
 Be spread, and flourish where it first begun :
 And this great day, (so justly honour'd here !)
 Known to the east, and celebrated there

Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi maxime regum !

" Ausus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem " Virgil.

To the DUCHESS, when He presented this Book to Her

ROYAL HIGHNESS.

M DAM! I here present you with the rage,
 And with the Beauties, of a former age :
 Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
 This, as we take in gazing upon you.

Thus we writ then : your brighter eyes inspire
 A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
 While we, your wit, and early knowledge, fear,
 To our productions we become severe :
 Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing ;
 Your judgment makes us careful how we sing,
 Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
 Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last :
 And make you through as many Ages shine,
 As Tasso has the Heroes of your line.

Tho' other names our wary writers use,
 You are the subject of the BRITISH Muse :
 Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
 Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
 So, the bright sun burns all our grass away,
 While it means nothing but to give us day.

*These VERSES were writ in the TASSO of Her
 ROYAL HIGHNESS.*

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace ;
 But in no one durst all perfection place :
 In her alone that owns this book, is seen
 CLORINDA's spirit, and her lofty mien ;
 SOPHRONIA's piety, ERMINIA's truth,
 ARMIDA's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
 Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
 Her well-taught mind : and ev'ry grace express,
 More to our wonder, than RINALDO fought :
 The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.



ON

DIVINE LOVE.

THE ARGUMENT.

A

ASSERTING the authority of the Scriptures in which

the Love is revealed.

P O E M

IN SIX CANTOES.

IV. These words being the last in its original meaning, and how

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant ;
Sic nos SCRIPTURÆ depascimur aurea dicta ;
Aurea ! perpetuū semper dignissima vitā ! * * * *
Nam DIVINUS AMOR cum capit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * * * Lucretius,*

*Exa/eram requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis nè foret usque malis : * * * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacrā mea pectora Musā,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est,
Ovid. de Trist. Lib. 4. El. 7.*



DIVINE LOVE

THE ARGUMENTS.

- I. **A**SSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.
- II. The preferance and Love of God to man in the Creation.
- III. The same Love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.
- IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
- V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embrac'd.
- VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE GRECIAN Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,
 Nor Jove at us, nor PHOEBUS is arriv'd :
 Frail Deities ! which first the Poets made,
 And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid,
 Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,
 What may be hop'd for in a better age ;
 When, not from HELICON's imagin'd springs,
 But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing ?
 This with the fabric of the world begun ;
 Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun.
 Before this oracle, like DAGON, all
 The false pretenders, DELPHUS, AMMON, fall
 Long since despis'd, and silent, they afford
 Honour, and triumph, to th' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
 And rowling earth among the planets plac'd :
 So has this Book intitled us to heav'n ;
 And rules to guide us to that mansion, giv'n :
 Tells the conditions how our peace was made ;
 And is our pledge for the Great AUTHOR's aid.
 His pow'r in nature's ample book we find ;
 But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold EPICURUS taught,
 That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought :
 But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
 As Fortune does, or humane wisdom, guide.
 Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
 And band of all society, is broke :

366 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
 Where men regard no God, but interest?
 What endless war would jealous nations tear,
 If none above did witness what they swear?
 Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
 Among themselves to find so little trust!
 Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
 Without a God, our falshood, and our shame.
 To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
 Is the first step tow'rd's being good, or wise:
 For, tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
 Our will determines, not our intellect:
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
 Only to compass what they would enjoy.
 His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need;
 And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed.
 For, tho' heav'n shews the glory of the Lord,
 Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:
 His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
 His tender kindness, and compassion, tells:
 While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
 Into the bowels of our MAKER look.
 Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
 Nor had beginning) shall our song commend:
 Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
 Which first from heav'n, to make us happy, came.

C A N T O II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
 Savours too much of private interest.
 This mov'd not MOSES, nor the zealous PAUL;
 Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:

A greater yet from heav'n to hell descends,
 To save, and make his enemies his friends.
 What line of praise can fathom such a love,
 Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
 The * Royal prophet, that extended grace
 From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space.
 The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
 Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote:
 Heav'n was scarce heard of, until He came down
 To make the region, where love triumphs, known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
 To frame the world th' ALMIGHTY did persuade:
 For, love it was the first created light,
 Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
 From the rude Chaos: and bestow'd new grace
 On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
 Some, to rest here; and some, to shine above:
 Earth, sea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
 And love would be return'd. But, there was none
 That to themselves, or others, yet were known:
 The world a palace was without a guest,
 'Till one appears, that must excel the rest:
 One! like the AURORA, whose capacious mind
 Might by the glorious work, the MAXIMA find:
 Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name;
 What art, and courage, the rough ocean tame;
 Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
 And that 'tis round, by his experience know:
 Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
 And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
 When, by his WORD, God had accomplish'd all,
 Man to create he did a council call:
 Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
 A graceful figure, and majestic look:

* David.

With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
 Life, and a soul fit to command the rest:
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name
 For such a gift; and tell from whence it came.
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
 But not with lasting Numbers, and with thought;
 Man's great prerogative! But above all
 His grace abounds, in his new fav'rite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;
 If he be angry, the creation shakes:
 From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
 He curst the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
 Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
 In the rich promise of the VIRGIN's seed;
 Tho' justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

C A N T O III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
 He gives a pattern of eternal love;
 His SON descends, to treat a peace with those
 Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
 Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
 To make us humble, and to make us great:
 His bus'ness here was happiness to give
 To those, whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
 (For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
 While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
 Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
 That we might be by such great love constrain'd

To make return of love : upon this Pole
 Our duty does, and our religion, rowl.
 To love is to believe, to hope, to know :
 'Tis an essay, a taste, of heav'n below !

He to proud potentates would not be known ;
 Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
 'Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt ;
 But smoke will vanish, when that flame breaks out.
 This is the fire that would consume our dross,
 Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
 We should agree, as Angels do above ;
 Where love presides ; not vice alone does find
 No entrance there, but virtues stay behind ;
 But faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
 Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
 Love only enters, as a native there ;
 For, born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise, and mighty, be,
 Commands that others love, as well as he.
 Love as he lov'd ! — How can we soar so high ? —
 He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
 Nor should we be with this command dismay'd ;
 He that examples gives, will give his aid :
 For, he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
 His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
 His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought ;
 As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
 Will, for the deed, he takes ; we may with ease
 Obedient be, for if we love, we please.
 Weak tho' we be, to love is no hard task ;
 And love for love is all that heav'n does ask.
 Love ! that would all men just, and temp'rate, make,
 Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

170 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

'Tis with our minds, as with a fertile ground ;
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns, and thistles, springing from the curse.

C A N T O IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born ;
Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn :
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme ;
Base in himself, but great in heav'n's esteem ;
With love, of all created things the best :
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
For, greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er :
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours, round about him, feeds.

His pride, and vain ambition, are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste :
Debauches, and excess (tho' with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys,
The beasts and monsters, HERCULES oppress,
Might, in that age, some provinces infest :
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign :
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell ;
And a vex'd conscience mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair does their whole life annoy :
But, love appearing, all those terrors fly ;
We live contended and contented die.

They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
 Death, as a passage to their joy embrace.
 Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away;
 Those which our life corrupt, and darken, love
 (The nobler star! must from the soul remove.
 Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;
 This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere:
 Of heav'n the joy, the glory; and the light;
 Shines among Angels and admits no night.

C A N T O V.

THIS iron age, (so fraudulent, and bold!)
 Touch'd with this love would be an age of gold:
 Not, as they feign'd that oaks should honey drop,
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop:
 Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
 None for himself would either sow or reap:
 Our ready help, and mutual Love, would yield
 A nobler harvest than the richest field.
 Famine and death confin'd to certain parts,
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
 Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
 But then we should the use of plenty know.
 Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand;
 And spread heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
 At once the givers, and receivers, bliss;
 Increase their joy and make their sufferings less.
 Who for himself no miracle would make,
 Dispens'd with sev'ral, for the people's sake:
 He that, long fasting, would no wonder show,
 Made loaves and fishes as they eat them, grow.

172 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Of all his pow'r which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none, but to express his love;
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.

Laws would be useless; which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions, into dens we thrust;
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouse
No force, but love, nor bond, but bounty, knows.
Men. (whom we now so fierce, and dang'rous see)
World guardian Angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love, what ISAIAH prophecy'd can do,
Exalt the valleys lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
smooth, and make straight, our rough and crooked ways.
Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that possessest, the great in title fall;
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom heav'n with that high character has blest.
This love the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man;
Tame his wild appetite make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor Princes arm, tho' to subdue the east;
Where, for the Tomb, so may Heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardor have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.

Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
 We should behold as many selfs, as men :
 All of one family, in blood ally'd,
 His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd !

C A N T O. VI.

TH^O' the creation, (so divinely taught !)
 Prints such a lively image in our thought,
 That the first spark of new-created light,
 From Chaos strook, affects our present sight :
 Yet, the first Christians did esteem more blest
 The day of rising than the day of rest ;
 That ev'ry week might new occasion give.
 To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
 Then, let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
 To keep his blood, among us, ever warm ;
 And singing, as the Blessed do above,
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
 But, on so vast a subject, who can find
 Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind ?
 Our language fails ; or if it could supply,
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high ?
 Despairing here we might abandon art,
 And only hope to have it in our heart.
 But tho' we find this sacred task too hard,
 Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward.
 The contemplation does suspend our woe,
 And make a truce with all the ills we know.
 As SAUL's afflicted spirit, from the sound
 Of DAVID's harp, a present solace found :
 So, on this theme while we our Muse engage,
 No wounds are felt of fortune, or of age.

On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted to find
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind;
The soul contending to that light to flie
From her dark cell, we practise how to die:
Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the east the rising sun comes on.



ON THE
FEAR of GOD:
IN
TWO CANTOES.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease:
Tho' the word, Fear, some men may ill indure,
'Tis such a fear, as only makes secure.
Ask of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not th' invited mock;
Op'ning to all, that do in earnest knock
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song; the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from heav'n an Angel for a guard:
Tranquility, and peace, this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light, by which he made, and governs, all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.

176 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

For a good cause, the sufferings of man
 May well be born; 'tis more than Angels can.
 Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
 Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
 He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
 That thirst, and hunger, to perform his will,
 Others, tho' rich, shall in this world be vext;
 And sadly live, in terror of the next.
 The * world's great conqu'ror would his point pursue;
 And wept, because he could not find a new;
 Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd;
 To make him work, until a third he spy'd,
 Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
 To heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.
 Tho' richly fed, man's care does still exceed;
 Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
 In wealth, and honour, by such men possess'd,
 If it increase not, there is found no rest.
 All their delight is while their wish comes in;
 Sad when it stops, as their had nothing been.
 'Tis strange, men should neglect their present store,
 And take no joy, but in pursuing more;
 No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim;
 This is the mark, and glory, of our frame.
 A soul capacious of the Deity,
 Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
 A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
 Less than so many drops of water are.
 Men take no pleasure, but in new designs;
 And what they hope for, what they have, out-shines.
 Our sheep, and oxen, seem no more to crave;
 With full content feeding on what they have;
 Vex not themselves for an increase of store;
 But think to morrow we shall give them more.

* Alexander.

What we from day to day receive from heav'n;
 They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
 We made them not, yet they on us rely;
 More than vain men upon the Deity:
 More beasts than they! that will not understand,
 That we are fed from his immediate hand.
 Man, that in him has Being, moves, and lives,
 What can he have, or use, but what he gives?
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,
 Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

C A N T O II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood;
 Heav'n, those that love their foes, and do them good;
 It is terrestrial honour, to be crown'd
 For strowing men like rushes, on the ground.
 True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
 Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
 He that in fight diminishes mankind,
 Does no addition to his stature find;
 But, he that does a noble nature show,
 Obliging others, still does higher grow.
 For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
 That among men he like an Angel lives
 Humbly he doth, and without envy dwell;
 Lov'd and admir'd, by those he does excell.
 Fools anger shew, which politician's hide;
 Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
 The humble man when he receives a wrong,
 Refers revenge to whom it doth belong,
 Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
 Or vex his spirit for another's rage.

Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities tost
 On raging waves and in the tempest lost.
 The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
 Still keep that order which they first begun;
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their CREATOR, as a law, did set.
 Above, below, exactly all obey:
 But wretched men have found another way;
 Knowledge of good, and evil, as at first,
 (That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
 The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
 Slaves they become to luxury, and pride.
 As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
 Of some great master, at the figure stand;
 But when abroad, neglected they do go,
 At random strike, and the false hour do show:
 So, from our MAKER wandering, we stray;
 Like birds, that know not to their nests the way.
 In him we dwelt before our exile here:
 And may, returning, find contentment there:
 True joy may find, perfection of delight;
 Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
 Exposing to the world too large an heap.
 Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best;
 Where great truths are in fewest words express'd.
 Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
 No other theme could give my soul delight.
 O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
 Or, that I now could write as well as then!
 But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
 Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
 Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
 As pangs that wait upon a second birth.



ON

DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOES.

*Occasion'd upon sight of the LIId Chapter of Isaiah,
turn'd into Verse by Mrs. WHARTON*

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find

Some great employment of a worthy mind.

Angels have been inquisitive to know

The secret, which this oracle does show.

What was to come, ISAIAH did declare;

Which she describes, as if she had been there;

Had seen the wounds which to the reader's view

She draws so lively, that they bleed a-new.

As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold:

So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!

If they should die, who can the world forgive,

(Such pious lines!) when wanton SAPPHO's live?

Who with his breath his image did inspire,

Expects it should foment a nobler fire:

180 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Not love which brutes, as well as men, may know;
 But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
 Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
 Is the perfection of an ardent thought:
 The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
 When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
 In boundless verse the fancy soars too high,
 For any object, but the Deity.
 What mortal can with heav'n pretend to share
 In the superlatives of wise, and fair?
 A meaner subject when with these we grace,
 A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
 Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
 Like that sweet oil, above all private use;
 On pain of death forbidden to be made,
 But when it should be on the altar laid.
 Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,
 When, drop'd from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis, that he admits our praise,
 Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.
 For, as that angel up to heav'n did rise,
 Born on the flame of MANGAH's sacrifice:
 So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky;
 Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly;
 The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
 His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
 For, that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice;
 And we with songs supply their want of voice.
 The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
 In songs of praise their present union show:
 Their joys are full; our expectation long;
 In life we differ, but we join in song.
 Angels, and we, assisted by this art,
 May sing together, tho' we dwell a-part.

Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer Poems must
 No higher rise, than winds may lift the dust.
 From that they spring; this, from his breath that gave,
 To the first dust, th' immortal soul we have.
 His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
 Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

C A N T O II.

* **H**E that did first this way of writing grace,
 Convers'd with the ALMIGHTY face to face:
 Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
 When he had more than eighty winters told:
 The writer feels no dire effect of age;
 Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
 Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
 When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
 Chaos he saw; and could distinctly tell
 How that confusion into order fell:
 As if, consulted with, he has express'd
 The work of the CREATOR, and his Rest:
 How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
 Which might the figure of our globe deface.
 For, new-made earth, so even, and so fair,
 Less equal now, uncertain makes the air:
 Surpris'd with heat, and unexpected cold,
 Early distempers make our youth look old:
 Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
 That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
 Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
 That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,

* *Moses.*

182 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Neglecting heav'n. But we, of shorter date!
 Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.
 To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
 This span of life may yet too long appear:
 Enough to humble, and to make us great,
 If it prepare us for a nobler seat.
 Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
 Taught wretched man how fast his life declines;
 In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
 And may again retire, when that shall fade.
 The lasting *ILIADS* have not liv'd so long,
 As his, and *DEBORAH*'s, triumphant song.
DELPHOS unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
 But that which governs the celestial choir.
 Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal;
 And from their store succeeding Poets steal:
HOMER's *SCAMANDER* for the *TROJANS* fought,
 And swell'd so high, by her old *KISHON* taught:
 His river scarce could fierce *ACHILLES* stay;
 Hers, more successful, swept her foes away.
 The host of heaven, his *PHOEBUS*, and his *MARS*,
 He arms instructed by her fighting stars,
 She led them all against the common foe:
 But he, (mis-led by what he saw below!)
 The Pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
 And breaks their union into diff'rent sides.
 The noblest parts which in his Heroes shine,
 May be but copies of that Heroine:
HOMER himself, and *AGAMEMNON*, she
 The writer could, and the commander, be.
 Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain,
 Than all the tales the boldest *GREEKS* could feign:
 For, what she sung, that *SPIRIT* did indite,
 Which gave her courage, and success, in fight,

A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From heav'n her Poem, and her conquest came.

Tho' of the Jews she merit most esteem;
Yet here the CHRISTIAN has the greater theme:
Her martial song describes how SISERA fell;
This sings our triumph over death, and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest VIRGIN, and ELIZABETH.
In songs of joy the Angels sung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the scorn,
Which, for our guilt, so patiently was born!
Conception, birth, and suff'ring, all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one celestial song:
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has, in this consort, sung the tragic part.

As HANNAH's feed' was vow'd to sacred use;
So, here this Lady consecrates her Muse.
With like reward may heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born!

On the Paraphrase on the LORD'S Prayer, written by
Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! listen ethereal lights!

While our URANIA sings what heav'n indites:
The Numbers are the Nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed, to approach his throne:
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests, which his own hand did pen?

184 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

In the Evangelists we find the prose;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest Seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the SPIRIT does inspire
Taught by our LORD, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

*Some Reflections of His upon the several Petitions in the
same Prayer.*

I. **H**IS sacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
It was JEHOVAH; 'tis OUR FATHER now;
So low to us does heav'n vouchsafe to bow! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign:
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring:
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light;
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But as in heav'n, it must be made our own:
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature, and the universe, obey.
Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd:
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

* *Psalms* xviii. v. 9.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
 Like new born babes, depending on the breast.
 From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
 Nor should the soul expect above a day,
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay;
 The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
 While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
 Tho' so to pray may seem an easy task,
 We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
 This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
 Our souls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
 The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,
 Is to extol, and imitate, his love:
 Not to forgive our enemies alone;
 But, use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
 And those we may in several stations know:
 The rich, and poor, in slipp'ry places stand:
 Give us enough! but, with a sparing hand!
 Not ill-persuading want: nor wanton wealth;
 But, what proportion'd is to life, and health,
 For, not the dead, but living, sing thy praise;
 Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis!

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORAT.

On the Foregoing DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
 The subject made us able to indite;
 The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
 The body stooping, does herself erect:
 No mortal parts are requisite to raise
 Her, that unbody'd ean her MAKER praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er;
 So, calm are we, when passions are no more:
 For, then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness, which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd, and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * * * *Miratur limen olympi.* VIRGIL.

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EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS.

AND

FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH HELEN was! and who can blame * the boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his TROJ?
But had like virtue shin'd in that fair GREEK,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
Our hope for pity: but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

On a Lady who writin Praise of MIRAL.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless MIRA, she reveals her own :
And, when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write,

• *Paris.*

On one Married to an OLD MAN

SINCE thou would'st needs (bewitch'd with some ill
 Be bury'd in those monumental arms : [charms!]
 All we can wish. is, May that earth lie light
 Upon thy tender limbs ! and so, good night !

An EPIGRAM on a Painted LADY with ill Teeth.

WERE men so dull they could not see
 That LYCE painted ; should they flee,
 Like simple birds, into a net,
 So grossly woven and ill set ;
 Her own teeth would undo the knot,
 And let all go that she had got.
 Those teeth fair LYCE must not show,
 If she would bite her lovers, though
 Like birds they sloop at seeming grapes,
 Are disabus'd, when first she gapes :
 The rotten bones discover'd there,
 Shew 'tis a painted Sepulchere,

EPIGRAM on the GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side !
 On the reverse, our beauty's pride !
 Here we discern, the frown and smile ;
 The force and glory of our isle.
 In the rich Medal, both so like
 Immortals stand, it seems antique ;
 Carv'd by some master, when the bold
 GREEKS made their Jove descend in gold ;

OCCASIONS. 189

And DANAE wond'ring at that show'r,
Which falling, form'd her brazen tow'r.
BRITANNIA there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain :
Thunder itself had fail'd to pass ;
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

*Written on a Card that Her * MAJESTY tore at OMBRE.*

THE cards you tear in value rise ;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to cœlestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (now Lord LANSDOWN) on His
Verses to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant ! which such a blossom bears,
And shews a genius so beyond his years ;
A judgment ! that could make so fair a choice ;
So high a Subject to employ his voice :
Still as it grows how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King !

LONG and SHORT LIFE,

CIRCLES are prais'd not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round :
So, life we praise, that does excell
Not in much time, but acting well.

* Q. Catharine.

190 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Translated out of SPANISH.

THO' we may seem importunate,
While your compassion we implore ;
They whom you make too fortunate,
May with presumption vex you more.

Translated out of FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it so ;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do !
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found :
So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie ;
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company.
But, some so like to thorns, and nettles, live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

*Some Verses of an imperfect Copy, design'd for a Friend on
His Translation of OVID'S FASTI.*

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old ROMANS you were wont to feast.
NUMA's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plow :
Such pow'r has justice, faith, and honesty !
The world was conquer'd by morality,

Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest just nor brave :
 But where religion does with virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine, —

• • • • •

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the First, at

CHARING-CROSS,

In the Year 1674.

THAT the First CHARLES does here in triumph ride;

See his son reign, where he a martyr dy'd ;

And people pay that reverence as they pass,

(Which then he wanted to the sacred bras ;

Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,

To which we owe the statue, and the stone.

But, heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,

That mortals may eternally be taught,

Rebellion, though successful is but vain ;

And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.

This truth the royal image does proclaim,

Loud as the trumpet of surviving FAME.

P R I D E.

NOT the brave * MACEBONIAN Youth alone ;

But base CALIGULA, when on the throne.

Boundless in pow'r would make himself a God ;

As if the world depended on his nod.

The † SYRIAN King to beasts was headlong thrown,

E'er to himself he could be mortal known.

* Alexander. † Nebuchadnezzar.

192 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The meanest wretch, if heav'n should give him line,
 Would never stop, 'till he were thought divine.
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
 Let the proud Peacock his gay feathers spread,
 And woo the female to his painted bed :
 Let winds, and seas, together rage, and swell :
 This, nature teaches ; and becomes them well.
 * *Pride was not made for men : a conscious sense*
 Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
 Destroys the claim : and to beholders tells,
 Here, nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

EPITAPH on Sir GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth :
 Just unto all relations known,
 A worthy patriot, pious son :
 Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,
 To give their sense in Parliamet ;
 With lives, and fortunes, trusting one
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.
 Sober, he was, wise, temperate ;
 Contended with an old estate,
 Which no foul avarice did increase,
 Nor wanton luxury make less.
 While yet but young, his father dy'd.
 And left him to an happy guide :
 Not LEMUEL's mother with more care
 Did counsel, or instruct, her heir ;

* *Eccles. x. 18.*

Or teach with more success her son
 The vices of the time to shun.
 An heiress she; while yet alive,
 All that was hers to him did give:
 And he just gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so:
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred, and taught,
 So early made that path to tread,
 Which did his youth to honour lead)
 His short life did a pattern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, friends should live.

The virtues of a private life
 Exceed the glorious noise, and strife,
 Of battles won: in those we find
 The solid int'rest of mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies CHARLES CA'NDISH: let the marble stone,
 That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.

Beauty, and valour, did his short life grace;
 The grief, and glory, of his noble race!
 Early abroad he did the world survey,
 As if he knew he had not long to stay:
 Saw what great ALEXANDER in the east,
 And mighty JULIUS conquer'd in the west.
 Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
 To find at home occasion for his fame:
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide;
 And where the juster, was the weaker, side.

194 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Two loyal brothers took their sov'reign's part,
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art;
 The * elder did whole Regiments afford;
 The younger brought his conduct, and his sword.
 Born to command, a Leader he begun,
 And on the rebels lasting honour won:
 The Horse, instructed by their General's worth,
 Still made the King victorious in the north:
 Where CA'NDISH fought, the Royalists prevail'd;
 Neither his Courage, nor his Judgment, fail'd:
 The current of his vict'ries found no stop,
 'Till CROMWELL came, his party's chiefest prop.
 Equal success had set these champions high,
 And both resolve to conquer or to die:
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour, strove;
 But, that must fall which is decreed above!
 CROMWELL, with odds of number, and of Fate,
 Remov'd this bulwark of the Church, and State:
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
 So, when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
 Strew bays, and flowers, on his honour'd grave!

EPITAPH *on the* Lady SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned SAVIL's heir;
 So early wise, and lasting fair!
 That none, except her years they told,
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.

* *William Earl of Devonshire.*

All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot :
And she so well improv'd that stock,
Both of his knowledge, and his flock ;
That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd.
In her upon each other smil'd.
While she, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Was so propitiously inclin'd,
And gave such title to her store,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muses daily found supplies
Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm, their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament, and praise !
But, when a storm disturb'd our rest,
The port, and refuge, of th' oppress'd.
This made her fortune understood,
And look'd on as some public good.
So that, (her person, and her state,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury she
Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age ! and show
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see :
And one sublime example had
Of good, among so many bad.

*EPITAPH to be written under the LATIN Inscription upon
the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord ANDOVER.*

'TIS fit the ENGLISH reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corps alone does lie
Under this stone but a whole family :
His parent's pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy :
This lovely youth ! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul :
His early virtues to that antient stock
Gave as much honour, as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing e'er the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste ;
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience, and time ;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd,
He's seldom old, that will not be a child,

E P I T A P H, Unfinish'd.

GREAT soul ! for whom death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel death ! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind !
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, shin'd ;
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
Inspired verse may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy ashes give. —



upon

THE
MAID'S TRAGEDY
A L T E R ' D.

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MAID'S TRAGEDY

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P R O L O G U E

SCARCE should we have the boldness, to pretend

So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend :
 Had not already some deserv'd your praise :
 With like attempt. Of all our elder Plays, not
 This, and **PHILASTER**, have the loudest fame ;
 Great are their faults, and glorious in their flame :
 In both, our **ENGLISH** genius is express'd ;
 Lofty, and bold ; but, negligently dress'd,

Above our neighbours our conceptions are ;
 But, faultless writing is th' effect of care.
 Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,
 Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
 But, as the present, so the last age writ ;
 In both we find like negligence, and wit.
 Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
 And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
 Our Muse would flourish ; and a nobler rage
 Would honour this, than did the **GRECIAN**, Stage.

Thus says our Author, not content to see
 That others write at carelessly as he :
 Tho' he pretends not to make things complete.
 Yet, to please you, he'd have the Poets sweat.

In this old Play, what's new we have express'd
 In rhyming verse, distinguish'd from the rest :
 That, as the **RHONE** its hasty way does make,
 (Not mingling waters) thro' **GENEVA**'s lake :

PROLOGUE

So, having here the different styles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.

If we less rudely shall the knot untie,
Softens the rigor of the Tragedy,
And yet preserve each person's character;
Then, to the other, this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes, and the Pit,
Are sov'reign judges of this sort of wit.

In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people: but, a Play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.



THE
MAID'S TRAGEDY.

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE, with a Page of honour.

EVADNE.

A MINOR lost, it were as vain a thing,

As 'tis prodigious to betray the King.

Compell'd by threats, to take that bloody oath,

And the act ill, I am absolv'd by both.

This island left, with pity I'll look down

On the King's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown.

These will to both my resolution bring :

Page! give MELANTIUS that ; this, to the King.

[Exit Page with the Letters.]

Under how hard a fate are women born !

Priz'd to their ruin, or expos'd to scorn !

If we want beauty, we of love despair :

And are besieg'd, like frontier towns, if fair.

The pow'r of Princes armies overthrows :

What can our sex against such force oppose ?

Love, and ambition, have an equal share

In their vast treasures ; and it costs us dear

202 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

To ruin us, as nations to subdue :
 But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
 For, towns are starv'd, or batter'd, e'er they yield ;
 But we, (persuaded, rather than compell'd)
 For things superfluous neglect our fame,
 And weakly render up ourselves to shame.
 Oh ! that I had my innocence again ;
 My untouch'd honour ! but I wish in vain ;
 The fleece, that has been by the dyer stain'd,
 Never again its native whiteness gain'd
 Th' unblemish'd may pretend to virtue's crown :
 'Tis beauty now must perfect my renown.
 With that I govern'd him that rules this isle ;
 'Tis that which makes me triumph in the spoil ;
 The wealth I bear from this exhausted Court ;
 Which here my bark stands ready to transport.
 In narrow RHODES I'll be no longer pent ;
 But act my part upon the Continent :
 ASIATIC Kings shall see my beauty's prize.
 My shining jewels, and my brighter eyes,
 Princes that fly, (their scepters left behind)
 Contempt, or pity, where they travel, find ;
 The ensigns of our pow'r about we bear ;
 And ev'ry land pays tribute to the Fair.
 So shines the sun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
 When his beams warm th' Antipodes, as here. [Exit

Enter MELANTIUS, with a Letter in his hand.

She's gone!——to perish, if the Gods be just :
 The sea's not vast enough to quench her lust.
 The standing Regiments, the Fort the town,
 All but this wicked sister, is our own.
 Oh ! that I could but have surpris'd the wretch,
 E'er she that wat'ry element did reach :

Twice false EVADNE! spitefully forsworn!
That fatal breast, like this, I would have torn.

[Tears the paper with fury.]

But this design admits of no delay.

And our revenge must find some speedy way.

I'll sound LUCIPPUS; he has always paid

Respect to my deserts: could he be made

To join with us, we might preserve the state;

And take revenge, without our country's fate.

He loves his brother: but, a present crown

Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the throne,

He's full of honour: tho' he like it not,

If once he swear, he'll not reveal the Plot.

[Exit.]

Enter the KING alone.

MELANTIUS false! it cannot be; and yet,

When I remember how I merit it,

He is presented to my guilty mind

Less to his duty, than revenge inclin'd.

'Tis not my nature to suspect my friends,

Or think they can have black malicious ends:

'Tis doing wrong creates such doubts as these,

Renders us jealous, and destroys our peace.

Happy the innocent! whose equal thoughts

Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from EVADNE, Sir,

[Exit.]

King. Why should she use

Her pen to me? 'tis some important news!

Reads the Letter.

From on board my yacht.

[Strangely dated,]

WHICH is now bearing me away from the rage of my offended brothers : I wish you were as safe from their revenge. They aim at your life and made me swear to take it. They have got the Fort and are assured of the inclinations both of the soldierrs. and citizens. My first prayer is to the Gods for your preservation : my next to your Majesty, that if they return to their duty, you would afford them your grace.

'Tis no feign'd tale CALLIANAX has told :
The great MELANTIUS is as false, as bold,
The crown we hazard, when at home we stay ;
And teach our forces others to obey.
Conduct of armies is a Prince's art ;
And when a subject acts that royal part,
As he in glory rises we grow less :
While our arms prosper, ruin'd by success !
For, in a Court, what can so dreadful be,
As one more glorious than ourselves to see !

Enter MELANTIUS and LUCIPPUS.

Such is the General !——To LUCIPPUS' ear
What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

Luc How am I caught with an unwary oath,
Not to reveal the secret, which I loath !
To stain my conscience with my brother's blood,
To be a King !——no ! no to be a God.
He that with patience can such treason hear,
Tho' he consent not, has a guilty ear.
Unto thyself pronounce the name of KING ;
That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

Mel. Sir ! your fond care, and kindness, comes too late,
To save your brother, or prevent my hate ;

The people mutiny, the Fort is mine,
 And all the soldiers to my will incline.
 Of his own servants he has lost the heart ;
 And in the Court I have the nobler part.
 Unto yourself pronounce the name of KING ;
 That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
 That you are offer'd—Do not storm and frown,
 At my endeavours to preserve the crown.
 Wear it your self : occasion will not stay ;
 'Tis lost, unless you take it while you may.
 Tumult, and ruin, will o'erwhelm the state ;
 And you'll be guilty of your country's fate.

Luc. [*Aside*] Some form'd design against the King is laid ;
 Let's try how far our reason may persuade.
To him] The crown you value so, my brother bears
 Upon his head, and with it all the cares :
 While I enjoy th' advantage of his state ;
 And all the crown can give except the weight.
 Long may he reign ! that is so far above
 All vice, all passion but excess of love.
 And can th' effects of love appear so strange,
 That into beasts our greatest Gods could change ?

Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a rape,
 Disguis'd a while, again resume their shape :
 But Princes once turn'd into beasts, remain
 For ever so :— —and should, like beasts be slain.

Luc. Tho' more in years you have a Mistress still ;
 And for that fault would you your sov'reign kill ?
 Love is the frailty of heroic minds ;
 And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds ;
 Brutes may be chaster ; pidgeons, swans, and doves,
 Are more confin'd than we are in their loves.
 Justice, and bounty, in a Prince, are things
 That subjects make as happy as their kings.

206 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Will you contract the guilt of royal blood ;
And robe your country of her chiefest good !

Mel. Of one ! whose lust his family has stain'd
By whose good conduct he securely reign'd

Luc. Of one ! whose choice first made *your* valour known ;
And with whose armies you have got renown
'Tis all the gratitude subjects can shew,
To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet BRUTUS did not let proud TARQUIN 'scape.

Luc. The Prince his son was guilty of a rape.
For joys extorted with a violent hand,
Revenge is just, and may with honour stand :
But, should a Prince, because he does comply
With one that's fair and not unwilling, die ?
Or, is it fit the people should be taught
Your sister's frailty, with my brother's fault ?

Mel. Let her be known unchaste ; so it be said,
That he that durst persuade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you : is it just that you
Mischief to me, and the whole nation, do ?

Mel. Rather than not accomplish my revenge,
Just, or unjust, I would the world unhinge.

Luc. Yet, of all virtues, justice is the best :
Valour, without it, is a common pest.
Pirates and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.
'Tis our complexion makes us chaste, or brave ;
Justice from reason, and from heav'n, we have.
All other virtues dwell but in the blood ;
That, in the soul and gives the name of good
Justice, the Queen of virtues, you despise ;
And only rude and savage valour prize.
To your revenge you think the King, and all
That sacred is, a sacrifice should fall :

The town be ruin'd, and this isle laid waste,
 Only because your sister is not chaste.
 Can you expect, that she should be so sage
 To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage?
 Both foul distempers are; but yours the worse;
 Less pleasures has; and brings the greater curse,

Mel. In idle RHODES philosophers are bred;
 And you, young Prince! are in their morals read.
 Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,
 For patient duty to employ his tongue
 Oppression makes men mad, and from their breast
 All reason does, and sense of duty, wrest.
 The Gods are safe, when under wrongs we groan,
 Only because we cannot reach their throne
 Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay.
 Think they may safely with our honour play?
 Reward a soldier's merit with a stain
 To his whole race, and yet securely reign?—
 Farewel! I know so brave a Prince will scorn
 To tell the secret, unto which he's sworn.

Luc. [*Aside*] I promis'd secrecy, but did not say
 I would look tamely on. — MELANTIUS, stay!
 You have my promise; and my hasty word
 Restrains my tongue; — but, ties not up my sword.
 Of other virtues tho' you are bereft
 By your wild rage, I know your valour's left.
 Swear not to touch my brother, or with speed
 Behind the castle-wall let's meet *Mel.* Agreed!

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Mel. His well-known virtue, and his constant love
 To his bad brother, may the people move:
 I'll take th' occasion, which he gives, to bring
 Him to his death, and then destroy the King.

[*Exit MELANTIUS.*]

Enter the KING, as discovering himself.

King. O! what an happiness is it to find
A friend of our own blood; a brother kind!
A Prince so good, so just, so void of fear,
Is of more value than the crown I wear.
The kingdom, offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For such a brother, to th' immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the crown of *RUONES*.
Happy this isle, with such a Hero blest!
What virtue dwells not in his loyal breast?

Enter STRATO.

Strat. Sir, we are lost! *MELANTIUS* has the Fort;
And the town rises to assault the Court;
Where they will find the strongest part their own:
If you'll preserve yourself, you must be gone.
I have a garden opens to the sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near friend. *King.* There with your shallop stay:
The game's not lost; I have one card to play.
Suffer not *DIPHILUS* to leave the Court,
But bid him presently to me resort. [*Exit STRATO.*
Had not this challenge stopp'd th' impendent fate,
We must have perish'd with the ruin'd state.
Forts, soldiers, citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing but our private valour, left.
If he survive, I have not long to reign;
But he that's injur'd, should be fairly slain.
The people for their darling would repine,
If he should fall by any hand but mine.
Less wise than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my guards to find him, where
He meets my brother, and destroy him there,

All hope of peace would be for ever lost;
 And the wild rabble would adore his ghost.
 Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm;
 And the whole island, to revenge him, arm.
 So popular, so mighty, have I made
 This fighting man, while I liv'd in the shade!
 But, 'twas a double fault, to raise him so,
 And then dis-honour on his house to throw.
 Ill-govern'd passions in a Prince's breast,
 Hazard his private and the public, rest.
 Slaves to our passions we become, and then
 It grows impossible to govern men.
 But, errors, not to be recall'd, do find
 Their best redress from presence of the mind.
 Courage our greatest failings does supply,
 And makes all good: or handsomely we dye.
 Life is a thing of common use, by heav'n
 As well to insects, as to Princes giv'n:
 But, for the crown! 'tis a more sacred thing:
 I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Come, DIPHILUS, we must together walk,
 And of a matter of importance talk [hour,
Diph. [Aside.] What fate is this! had he stay'd half an
 The rising town had freed me from his pow'r. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes into a field into which enter LUCIPPUS*
and MELANTIUS, with swords drawn.

Mel. Be yet advis'd! th' injurious King forsake;
 Death, or a sceptre, from MELANTIUS take.

Luc. Be thou advis'd! thy black design forsake;
 Death, or this counsel, from LUCIPPUS take.

Mel. Youth, and vain confidence, thy life betray;
 Thro' armies this has made MELANTIUS way.

210 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Luc. Drawn for your Prince, that sword could wonders
The better cause makes mine the sharper now. [do:
Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy;
Kings are their care. Resume thy loyalty;
Or, from thy guilty head I'll pluck the bays;
And all thy triumphs shall become my praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the KING with DIPHILUS.

King. With sword in hand,

Like a good brother, by your brother stand.

Diph. Glad that your pleasure lies this noble way,
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy life, MELANTHUS! I am come to take;
Of which foul treason does a forfeit make.
To do thee honour, I will shed that blood,
Which the just laws, if I were faultless, shou'd.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir! but, their guards away,
Kings have but small advantage of the law.

King. Having infring'd the law, I waive my right;
As King, and thus submit myself to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reason why?
A subject should be heard before he's slain;
And does less right belong to us that reign?

Mel. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave,
This way I chosen had revenge to have:
A way so noble! that I must confess
Already I begin to hate you less.
So unexpected, and so brave a thing,
Makes me remember that you are my King,
And I could rather be contented, since
He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince;
That so, a brother for a sister chang'd,
We may be of your wanton pride reveng'd.

OCCASIONS. 211

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my life have:
No duel ever was more justly fought: [fought:
We both have reason for our fatal wrath;
Nor is it fit the world should hold us both.

LUCIPPUS to the KING a-part.

Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve?
Members expose themselves to save the head.
This way he shall be satisfy'd or dead.

MELANTIUS to his Brother a-part.

Tho' foul injustice majesty did stain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again,
When Kings with courage act something divine,
That calls for reverence does about them shine.

Diph. Were we born Priests, we could not expect,
For an affront receiv'd, greater respect.
They that with sharpest injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thousand pities, such a royal pair
Should run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

Mel. Let us fight so, as to avoid th' extreme
Either of fearing, or of killing, them.

LUCIPPUS a-part to his Brother.

Sir! you should weild a sceptre not a sword;
Not with your weapon kill, but with your word:
The Gods by others execute their will.

King. Yet heav'n does oft with its own thunder kill:
And when necessity, and right, command,
A sword is thunder in a foreign's hand,
Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow less severe.

[Here they all fight.

212 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

LUCIPPUS to the KING.

Hold Sir! they only guard, and still give place.
To them.] Fight us as enemies, or ask for grace.

Mel. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our family.
The royal sword, thus drawn, has cyr'd a wound,
For which no other salve could have been found.
Your brothers now in arms ourselves we boast!
A satisfaction for a sister lost.
The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the vulgar slain.
You have our pardon, Sir! and bumbly now,
As subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

[Here they both kneel.
Pardon our guilty rage! which here takes end,
For a lost sister, and a ruin'd friend.

Luc. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough you see MELANTIUS kneel?
I'll be a pledge for both; they shall be true
As heretofore; and you shall trust them too;
His loyal arm shall still support the state;
And you no more provoke so just a hate.

King. Rise, brave MELANTIUS! I thy pardon sign,
With as much joy, as I am proud of mine.
Rise, valiant DIPHIUS! I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I shall your just wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
The greatest faults, and crowns them with esteem.
Use us with honour, and we are your slaves.
To bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

King. With honour, and with trust, this land shall know,
After my brother, none so great as you.

Enter the KING's Guards.

Mel. If these approach us, Sir! by your command,
Take back your pardon, on our guard we stand.

The KING steps between them.

King. What over-diligence has brought you here ?

Guard. Such as you'll pardon when the news you hear.

AMINTOR is retir'd, ASPASIA gone ;
And a strange humour does possess the town,
They arm a pace, Sir ! and aloud declare
Things, which we dare not whisper in your ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,
And know your pleasure in this exigent.
This honour'd person you might justly fear,
Were he not loyal, and amongst us here :
They say his merit's ill-return'd ; and cry,
With great MELANTIUS they will live, and die.

Mel. Sir ! not your pow'r, but virtue, made me bow ;
For, all he tells you, I did kneeling know.
Tho' now the faithful'st of your subjects, we
Have been the cause of all this mutiny,
Go comfort, Sir ! AMINTOR, while we run
To stop the rage of this revolting town.
And let them know the happiness they have
In such a royal pair, so just, so brave !
Lend me your Guards ; that, if persuasion fail,
Force may against the mutinous prevail.

King. [*to the Guards*] Go, and obey, with as exact a
All his commands, as if our self were there. [*care,*
[*Aside.*] He that depends upon another, must
Oblige his honour with a boundless trust.

[*Exeunt KING and LUCIUS.*

Mel. How frail is man ! how quickly changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a loyal care !
This, drawn but now against my Sov'reign's breast,
Before 'tis sheath'd, shall give him paece, and rest.

[*Exeunt Brothers and Guards.*

214 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

*The SCENE changes into a Forest.**Enter ASPASIA.*

Asp They say wild beasts inhabit here ;
 But grief, and wrong, secures my fear.
 Compar'd to him that does refuse,
 A tiger's kind, for he pursues.
 To be forsaken's worse than torn ;
 And death a lesser ill than scorn.
 No forest, cave, or savage den,
 Holds more pernicious beasts than men.
 Vows oaths, and contracts they devise ;
 And tell us, they are sacred ties :
 And so they are in our esteem ;
 But, empty names, despis'd by them !
 Women with study'd arts they vex :
 Ye Gods ! destroy that impious sex :
 And if there must be some t'invoke
 Your pow'rs, and make your altars smoke :
 Come down your selves, and in their place
 Get a more just, and nobler race !
 Such as the old world did adorn,
 When Heroes, like your selves, were born.
 But this I wish not for ASPASIA's sake ;
 For, she no God would for AMINTOR take,
 The heart, which is our passions' seat,
 Whether we will or no, does beat :
 And yet we may suppress our breath :
 This lets us see that life, and death,
 Are in our pow'r : but love, and hate,
 Depend not on our will, but Fate.
 My love was lawful, when 'twas born :
 Their marriage makes it merit scorn.
 EVADNE's husband 'tis a fault
 To love ; a blemish to my thought :

Yet twist'd with my life : and I,
 That cannot faultless live, will die !
 Oh ! that some hungry beast would come,
 And make himself ASPASIA's tomb
 If none accept me for a prey,
 Death must be found some other way.
 In colder regions men compose
 Poison with art ; but here it grows.
 Not long since, walking in the field,
 My nurse and I, we there beheld
 A goodly fruit ; which tempting me,
 I would have pluck'd : but, trembling, she,
 Whoever eat those berries, cry'd,
 In less than half an hour dy'd.
 Some God direct me to that bough,
 On which those useful berries grow ! [Exit.

Enter AMINTOR alone.

Amin. Repentance, which became EVADNE so,
 Would no less handsome in AMINTOR show,
 She ask'd me pardon ; but ASPASIA I,
 (Injur'd alike !) suffer to pine, and die.
 'Tis said that she this dangerous forest haunts,
 And in sad accents utters her complaints.
 If overtaken, e'er she perish, I
 Will gain her pardon, or before her die.
 Not ev'ry Lady does from virtue fall :
 Th' injurious King does not possess them all
 Well I deserv'd EVADNE's scorn to prove,
 That to ambition sacrific'd my love.
 Fools, that consult their avarice, or pride !
 To chuse a wife love is our noblest guide. [Exit.

Enter ASPASIA alone, with a bough full of fair berries.

Asp This happy bough shall give relief,
 Not to my hunger, but my grief.

216 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

The birds know how to chuse their fare;
 To peck this fruit they all forbear.
 Those chearful singers know not why
 They should make any haste to die:
 And yet they couple —— Can they know
 What 'tis to love, and not know sorrow too?
 'Tis man alone that willing dies;
 Beasts are less wretched or less wise,
 How lovely these ill berries shew!
 And so did false AMINTOR too.
 Heav'n would insnare us! who can 'scape
 When fatal things have such a shape?
 Nothing in vain the Gods create;
 This bough was made to hasten Fate.
 'Twas in compassion of our woe,
 That nature first made poisons grow:
 For hopeless wretches, (such as I!)
 Kindly providing means to die.
 As mothers do their children keep;
 So, nature feeds, and makes us sleep:
 The indispos'd she does invite
 To go to bed, before 'tis night.
 Death always is to come, or past:
 If it be ill, it cannot last.
 Sure 'tis a thing was never known;
 For when that's present, we are gone.
 'Tis an imaginary line,
 Which does our being here confine.
 Dead, we shall be as when unborn;
 And then I knew nor love, nor scorn.
 But, say we are to live elsewhere ——
 What has the innocent to fear?
 Can I be treated worse than here?

}

Justice from hence long since is gone :
And reigns where I shall be a non.

Enter AMINTOR.

Am. 'Tis she ! those fatal berries shew
The mischief she's about to do.
Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate :
Their love's insuperable, as their hate.
No merit their aversion can remove ;
Nor ill requital can efface their love.

Asp. Like slaves redeem'd, death sets us free
From passion, and from injury.
The living, chain'd to Fortunes wheel,
In triumph led, her changes feel :
And conquerors kept poisons by,
Prepar'd for her inconstancy.
Bays against thunder might defend their brow :
But against love, and Fortune, here's the bough !

[Here she puts some of the berries to her mouth.]

AMINTOR strikes the berries out of her hand, and snatches
the bough.

Am. Rash maid, forbear ! and lay those berries by ;
Or give them him that has deserv'd to die.

Asp. What double cruelty is this ? would you,
That made me wretched, keep me always so ?
EVADNE has you : — let Aspasia have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindness left, there see me laid :
To bury decently the injur'd maid,
Is all the favour that you can bestow ;
Or I receive — pray render me my bough.

Am. No less than you, was your AMINTOR wrong'd :
The false EVADNE to the King belong'd.
You had my promise, and my bed is free ;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

218 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Asp. Your vows to her were in the temple made;
The sacred altar witness'd what you said.

Am. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But, ev'ry-where hear promises that bind.
The heav'n, the air, earth, and the boundless sea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity,
That was a witness to my former vow:
None can AMINTOR justly claim but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no title, but commits a crime.

Asp. I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd,
I may, alas! be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the port, which I almost did gain:
Shall I once more be tost into the Main?
By what new Gods, AMINTOR, will you swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe;
By the same Gods, the justice of whose wrath
Punish'd th' infraction of my former faith,
May ev'ry Lady an EVADNE prove,
That shall divert me from ASPASIA's love!

Asp. If ever you should prove unconstant now,
I shall remember where those berries grow.

Am. My love was always constant: but the King,
MELANTIUS' friendship, and (that fatal thing!)
Ambition, me on proud EVADNE threw;
And made me cruel to myself, and you.
But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
Here in your presence I'll devour the bough.

Asp. [Snatching the bough from him.] Rash man, forbear!
but for some unbelief,
My joy had been as fatal as my grief:
The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this,
Secure of my AMINTOR, still I fear
EVADNE's mighty friend, the King. *Am.* He's here.

Enter the KING, and his Brother, to them.

King. How shall I look upon that * noble youth,

[Turning to his Brother.

So full of patience, loyalty, and truth?

The fair Aspasía I have injur'd too:

The guilty author of their double woe!

My passion's gone; and reason in her throne,

Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done.

After a tempest, when the winds are laid,

The calm sea wonder at the wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate,

And royal kindness never comes too late:

So when heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;

Joyful, and thankful, when it smiles again.

Taking ASPASIA by the hand.

This knot, you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,

And we shall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy! and your sorrows past

Set-off those joys, I wish may ever last!

Giving the Letter to AMINTOR.

Read this,

Am. EVADNE fled!—ASPASIA, now

You'll have no more occasion for your bough.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. MELANTIUS, Sir! has let the people know

How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you:

The town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring

With repetitions of *Long live the KING!*

Luc. Sir! let us to the sacred temple go,

That you are safe, our joys, and thanks, to show.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,

The sweetest incense is fraternal love.

Like the rich clouds that rise from melted gums,

It spreads itself, and the whole isle perfumes.

* *Amintor.*

This sacred union has preserv'd the state;
 And from all tempest shall secure our force:
 Like a well-twisted cable, holding fast
 The anchor'd vessel in the loudest blast.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce MELANTIUS was content, you see.
 The KING should live; be not more fierce than he:
 Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
 When love was held so capital a crime,
 That a crown'd head could no compassion find;
 But dy'd,—because the killer had been kind!
 Nor is't less strange, such mighty Wits as those
 Should use a style in Tragedy, like prose.
 Well-sounding verse, where Princes tread the Stage,
 Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.
 By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
 We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades,
 And verses are the potent charms we use,
 Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuse.
 When next we act this Tragedy again,
 Unless you like the change, we shall be slain:
 The innocent ASPASIA's life, or death,
 AMINTOR's too, depends upon your breath.
 Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
 Now if we die, 'tis want of your applause.



EPILOGUE.

Design'd upon the first alteration of the Play, when the

KING only was left alive.

ASPASIA bleeding on the Stage does lye,
 To shew you, still 'tis the MAID's TRAGEDY.
 The fierce MELANTIUS was content, you see,
 The KING should live : be not more fierce than he :
 Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
 When love was held so capital a crime,
 That a crown'd head could no compassion find,
 But dy'd——because the killer had been kind !
 This hetter natur'd Poet had repriev'd
 Gentle AMINTOR too, had he believ'd
 The fairer sex his pardon could approve,
 Who to ambition sacrific'd his love.
 ASPASIA he has spar'd : but, for her wound
 (Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.
 When next we Act this Tragedy again,
 Unless you like the change, I must be slain.
 Excess of love was heretofore the cause ;
 Now if I die, 'tis want of your applause.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR WALLER, in his first thoughts of altering this Play, pitch'd upon a design of making **EVADNE** go among the Vestals. But, considering that the persons in this Play are suppos'd to be heathens, who never admitted any but pure virgins among their Vestals, he chang'd his design. Nevertheless, before he did so, he had writ the following verses.

EVADNE. A Vestal yow'd, with pity I look down
On the **KING's** love, and fierce **MELANTIUS's** frown.
But here's the sacred place, where we may have,
Before we die, an honourable grave.
The dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the most severe.

[Knocks at a door.]

Enter GOVERNESS.

Gov. The great **EVADNE** visiting our cell!

Ev. 'Tis not to visit you; but here to dwell.

Can you find room for one so bad as I;

That humbly begs she may among you die?

Gov. You, that so early can correct your thoughts,

May hope for pardon for your greatest faults.

Happy is she that from the world retires,

And carries with her what the world admires!

Thrice-happy she! whose young thought fix'd above,

While she is lovely, does to heav'n make love.

I need not urge your promise; e'er you find

An entrance here, to leave the world behind!

Ev My guilty love devotion shall succeed ;
Love such as mine was, tho' a dang'rous weed,
Shews the rich soil, (on which it grew so high)
May yield as fair a crop of piety.
But, of all passions, I ambition find
Hardest to banish from a glorious mind.
Yet, heav'n our object made, ambition may
(As well as love) be turn'd a nobler way.
Still I ascend : it is a step above
A Prince's favour, to belong to Jove.

[They go in, and the door shuts.]

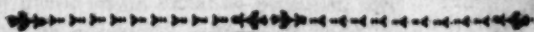
Enter MELANYIUS with a Letter.

Among the Vestals! she'll corrupt them all ;
And teach them from their sacred vow to fall. * * *

'Tis my early love devotion (that indeed
 I thought at first was the) a holy love
 Sweet as the taste of honey when it flows
 May give us last a crop of bliss.
 But of all passions, I am sure that
 Happen to pass from a glorious mind,
 Yet, here's one which made a nation
 (As well as love) to turn a noble way
 But I cannot find the time to move
 A Prince's favour, to show to love,
 'Tis not my lot, 'Tis not my lot,
 But I must wait, and the when I can
 Among the Vultures, the ill-fated all;
 And teach them their fate to tell.

THE
FIRST ACT
OF THE
TRAGEDY of POMPEY,

Translated from the FRENCH of
MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.



THE
FIRST ACT
OF THE
TRAGEDY of POMPEY

Translated from the French
MONSIEUR CORNEILLE

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P O M P E Y.

ACT I SCENE I.

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS.

PTOLEMY.

THE Fates disclose their book, and now we read,
What of the * father, and the † son's, decreed.
Th' amazed Gods a-while seem'd all divided;
What they demurr'd, PHARSALIA has decided!
Whose rivers dy'd with blood, and rapid made,
Swell with the fury of the ROMAN blade:
Arms, Eagles, bodies, all confus'dly spread,
Cover her fields, infected with the dead!
Heaps of the slain, deny'd a funeral,
Just nature to their own revenge does call;
From putrid corps exhaling poisonous airs,
Enough to plague the guilty conquerors.
This is the title of great CÆSAR's cause!
At this dire evidence, by MARS his laws,
CÆSAR's absolv'd, and POMPEY guilty cry'd!
This pity'd Leader of the juster side,

* *Julius Caesar.*

† *Pompey.*

228 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

By weary Fortune of success bereft,
 Is made a great example, and has left
 The world a pattern of her rowling wheel:
 Whose dismal turn whole nations with him feel.
 He! whose prosperity was wont to yye
 With his own wish, from THESSALY does fly:
 The vanquish'd POMPEY to our ports, our walls,
 Our Court, approaching, for a refuge calls
 From his own father-in-law: his proud defeat
 Seeks where against the TITANS a retreat
 The Gods once found where, in despite of all,
 They that sav'd heav'n (he thinks) may stop his fall;
 And sharing the despair on which he's hurl'd,
 May give a prop unto the tott'ring world.
 For, the world's fate on POMPEY's fate depends;
 And to our EGYPT in distress he sends,
 For aid, or ruin; a recruit, or grave;
 We must sink with him, or his fortunes save.
 This tempest, friends! your grave advice must calm;
 He brings dread thunder, or the welcome palm:
 He crown'd * the father, threatens now the son;
 MEMPHIS he gave, and hazard's what h' has done.
 His ruin I must share, or else comply
 With CÆSAR's Wish, and make my suppliant die:
 The first, unsafe; the other bale, and low;
 I fear injustice, or an overthrow.
 Do what I can, to whatsoe'er I fly,
 'Tis full of danger or of infamy.
 The choice is mine, and you are to consult
 What to incline me to, by your result:
 POMPEY's the theme; and we must have the praise
 To trouble CÆSAR, or complete his bays.
 You sit on both their fortunes; upon more
 Than any council ever sat before!

* *Ptolemy Auletes.*

Ptolem. Sir! when the sword great causes does decide,
 Justice, and right; good states-men lay aside:
 And who will wisely act in such a season,
 Must balance strength, and not examine reason.
 Weigh your own forces then, and POMPEY's might;
 His hopes are dash'd, his fruitless valour light:
 'Tis not from CÆSAR only that he flies,
 But from the dread reproach, and wrathful eyes,
 Of ROME's great Senate; whose best half invites
 To a rich banquet the PHARSALIAN kites.
 He flies the city, and the sons, of ROME;
 Which his defeat to slavery does doom:
 He flies the rage of nations, and of crowns,
 That would revenge on him their ranack'd towns;
 Their weaken'd States, of men, and money, drain'd;
 Their reputation by his losses stain'd;
 The cause of all their woes: hated by all
 He flies; the whole world shatter'd with his fall!
 Will you against such opposition stand,
 And bear his cause up, with a single hand?
 The hope he had was in himself alone;
 What might be done, he did: he over-thrown,
 You must give way: will you sustain a weight
 Which ROME bends under, shrinking from her height?
 Maintain a quarrel that has thunder-strook
 The reeling world, and the great Pompey broke?
 They that the Faults of Fortune would amend,
 And be too just, against themselves offend;
 Whilst, indiscreetly kind with vain effort,
 They perish with those friends they would support:
 Their faith has a brave lustre — but they fall;
 And honour lessens not the bruise at all.
 Side with the Gods: declare yourself for Fate;
 Draw not on us their thunder, and their hate.

230 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Ask not, how justly, wherefore, they chastise;
 But worship him whom they would have to rise:
 Approve of their decrees, applaud their will;
 And, whom they frown on, in obedience kill.
 By divine vengeance on all sides persu'd,
 POMPEY involves your EGYPT in the feud:
 His head (that he has shifted so, to save it)
 Falling, your royal company would have:
 His present coming I unfriendly deem;
 Th' effect of hatred, rather than esteem:
 'Tis to destroy you, hither now to fly;
 And can you doubt if he deserves to die?
 He should have come with bays upon his brows;
 And with success have seconded our vows:
 With feasts, and triumphs, then we had receiv'd him;
 'Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him.
 Not him, but his ill fortune we neglect;
 For to his person we would pay respect:
 CÆSAR subdu'd, by the same sword had dy'd,
 With which, less willingly, we pierce his side.
 Under his ruin you must shelter take;
 And in this storm, his death your harbour make:
 Which, though the world should reckon as a crime,
 Is but a just compliance with the time.
 The strict regard of justice does annoy
 The pow'r of crowns, and policy destroy:
 'Tis the prerogative of Kings to spare
 Nothing, when they their own destruction fear:
 He wants no danger, whom the care of Right
 Keeps from injustice when 'tis requisite.
 Who to his royal pow'r no bound would have
 To his own conscience must not be a slave,
 And thus you have my counsel, mighty Sir!
 Who kills the conquer'd, gains the conqueror.

Achil. PHOTINUS, Sir ! speaks well : but, tho' the day
 POMPEY has lost, his person yet I weigh :
 I reverence that blood the Gods did spare,
 When his whole army such a fate did share !
 Nor see I reason why it should be spilt.
 Unless it prove a necessary guilt,
 What needs such rigor ? Your estate is sure ;
 Who takes no part, can make no forfeiture :
 You may stand neuter, as you did before ;
 Though Cæsar's rising fortune you adore,
 And treat him like a God, by my advice,
 You shall not make him such a sacrifice :
 For Mars it were too precious ! and will give
 Your name a blot you never shall out live :
 It is enough that POMPEY hither came,
 And found no succour, to keep you from blame.
 The Senate, by his inclination led,
 Set EGYPT's crown upon you father's head :
 And yet I say not Kings should grateful be,
 Beyond the bounds, and rule, of policy :
 They of their people ought more care to show,
 Than gratitude for all that they can owe.
 A crown bestow'd can lay no obligation
 On him, that takes it to destroy his nation.
 Besides, if ever circumstance be weigh'd,
 What ventur'd POMPEY in your father's aid ?
 He sought thereby to makè his credit known ;
 And glory got by rend'ring him his own :
 He to the Senate an oration made :
 But Cæsar's thousand talents did persuade ;
 Had not that treasure made your father's way,
 In vain had been whatever he could say.
 He, for you then ; for him, to Cæsar you
 May plead : — 'tis all with safety, you can do ;

232 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

And all you owe him; to receive him here,
 Were to admit a guest that you must fear.
 A conquer'd Consul is so great a thing,
 That he will bear himself above a King;
 Forbid him landing then, and spare his head;
 But — if your Majesty will have him dead,
 Command this sword to execute your will;
 Great POMPEY's blood I'll be the first shall spill.

Septim. Dread Sir! I am a ROMAN; and do know
 Both these Commanders, and their interest too.
 To succour POMPEY were a dangerous part;
 To chase him hence, would gain but half the heart,
 Of mighty Cæsar; and make him your foe;
 Who yet, perhaps may to such greatness grow,
 (Raising new forces both at land and sea)
 That he at length with Cæsar may agree;
 And Both revenge themselves on such a friend,
 Whose cold neutrality did Both offend.
 In rend'ring him I no less danger find;
 CÆSAR to pardon him must seem inclin'd;
 And, with false Glory, make glad ROME believe
 'Tis for her sake he lets his rival live:
 Whilst, in the secret of his thoughts he knows
 That his forc'd clemency to you he owes.
 Free Cæsar then from danger and from guilt,
 And let his fortune on your shame be built;
 POMPEY destroy'd, of CÆSAR we are sure;
 And from the vengeance of the dead secure.
 This my advice is; what Achillas said,
 Would give you cause to live of Both afraid.

Ptol. Then, to necessity let justice vail,
 And the plurality of votes prevail!
 My inclination too favours that doom,
 Which may abate this arrogance of Rome:

Let her that does the prostrate world bestride,
 Lose at one stroke both liberty, and pride :
 Let POMPEY dye, in whom her hopes do live ;
 To the world's tyrants let's a tyrant give :
 Let us contribute to the Fates' decree,
 To make them subjects, and us Monarchs free.
 At least our masters by this brave resolve
 In the same servitude we shall involve,
 Go then, ACHILLAS, with SEPTIMUS go,
 And make us famous by this noble blow :
 Had heav'n to POMPEY been propitious,
 It had not sent him to indanger us.

Achil. Sir ! what a King commands is always just.

Ptol. Haste then, begone, and answer this great trust !
 Which well perform'd, our throne secure you make ;
 Remember ! ROME, and EGYPT, are at stake. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS,

PTOLEMY.

PHOTINUS ! this our * sister will deceive,
 That hopes a crown from POMPEY to receive :
 She knows he has our Father's Will in guard,
 And sees her way to royalty prepar'd
 By his arrival : she already plays
 The Queen, and her ambitious hopes betrays :
 Thinking by POMPEY's friendship and his might,
 To ratify that Will, and share my right :
 She looks as if she were already grown
 My mistress, or my partner in the throne.

X 3

* Cleopatra.

234 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Photin. Sir! 'tis a motive which I did not urge,
That POMPEY's death will her ill humours purge;
Your cause decided by that ancient host
Of our late King, would half the kingdom cost;
His Will performed will divide your state;
Yet wish I not you should your sister hate;
By nature's law she ought to have her part,
Not in the royal throne, but in your heart;
To reign in consort little honour brings;
And you would seem commissioners, not Kings,
This way how oft have states distracted been?
But see! your sister—the pretended Queen.—

SCENE III.

PTOLEMY, CLEOPATRA, PHOTINUS,

CLEOPATRA.

POMPEY's arriv'd, Sir! shall he come alone?

Ptol. ACHILLAS, and SEPTIMIUS, both are gone
To wait upon him hither.

Cleop. Are they two
Enough for him?

Ptol. Why sister! you may go.

Cleop. Were it too much, had you in person gone?

Ptol. Yes!—I must keep the honour of the throne.

Cleop. Remember, Sir! who plac'd you there; and bow
To that great Man, to whom you so much owe.

Ptol. Yes! your Great man's deserted, and o'er-thrown.

Cleop. Still he is POMPEY, and gave you the crown.

Ptol. 'Tis POMPEY's ghost which has oblig'd the ghost
Of our dead father: let him go, and boast
Those merits past upon his monument.—
Thither perhaps e'er long he may be sent.

Cleop. POMPEY a ghost! and sent unto the grave!
Is this the welcome he deserves to have?

Ptol. 'Tis what the Gods inspired us to do,
And what the Kingdom's good compell'd us to.

Cleop. PLOTIN, and such mean counsellors, I fear
Have with base counsel poisoned your ear.

Pbotin The counsel Madam! we must all avow——

Cleop. Peace! till I sloop to mingle words with you.

Ptol. She is my sister; let her humour sway;
For your known innocence there needs no plea.

Cleop. Sir! let that horrid sentence be recall'd,
If not too late; nor longer be inthrall'd
To these low slaves: but such advice embrace
As heav'n suggests to those of our high race: [you]

Ptol. Swell'd with the hopes of POMPEY's friendship,
Speak like a Queen; and think to make us bow:
With a false shew of virtue you can hide
Your int'rest too, and your ambitious pride.
With POMPEY's death you could be well content;
Did he not keep our father's testament:

Cleop. No Sir! 'tis honour, and not interest,
Which for great POMPEY makes me thus contest:
Take here a secret, which will let you know
My hopes are built upon his mortal foe.
When the rude people of this * barbarous town
Made the late King desert his royal throne
His native soil he left, in hopes to find
Rome's Senate to their old confed'rate kind.
To move their pity we both went along;
You, but a tender child: myself, though young;
Yet of an age to make that beauty known
Which heav'n had lent me, and some hearts my own;
Above the rest CÆSAR his passion shews,
Declares his love; but yet with caution woe:

* Alexandria.

236 POEMS UPON SEVERAL

Fearing the Senate, he puts POMPEY on :

Our bus'ness was by their new friendship done.

POMPEY's authority for his sake we had ;

But you this way with royal robes are clad.

But CÆSAR, thus to gain us mighty ROME,

Thought not enough his love pursues us home :

His purse, as well as heart, he open'd wide ;

And with his treasure our low state supply'd :

His thousand talents (which are yet unpaid,)

Over the rebels us victorious made.

This knew our dying father ; and bestow'd

Half that on Me, to whom the whole he ow'd :

He knew the kingdom was my beauty's prize,

And that he ow'd his sceptre to these eyes :

Betwixt us two, by his last Will, the land

Restor'd by CÆSAR, does divided stand.

And thus, you see, it is no partial end,

But sense of honour, makes me POMPEY's friendi

Ptol. This story is contriv'd with address.

Cleop. Of CÆSAR's coming here is an Express :

The cause I have to bear me like a Queen,

Shall by yourself, (this day perhaps) be seen.

For some years past, here treated like a slave,

My right with-held, which our just father gave,

To flatter slaves I have employ'd my breath,

Left your bad Ministers should plot my death :

From PHOTIN, and ACHILLAS' tyranny,

POMPEY, or CÆSAR now will set me free :

One of those two our diff'rence shall decide ;

And then you'll know the reason of my pride.

[Exit, Cleopatra.]

SCENE IV.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

WHAT think you PHOTIN! of this haughty dame?

Photin. This secret never to my knowledge came;
Confus'd, uncertain in my thoughts, I find
No mean, whereby this storm may be declin'd.

Ptol. Shall POMPEY live then?

Photin. No! the rather dye:

This way you must with your fair sister vye
For CÆSAR's grace; whose gratitude may prove,
For such a service, equal to his love.

Ptol. What if her charms with CÆSAR should prevail?

Photin. she must be flatter'd —if you think I fail,
Which wise SEXTIMIUS, and ACHILLAS, you
May take advice what you are next to do.

Ptol. From the high tow'r we'll look on POMPEY's fate;
And this affair at their return debate. [Exeunt]

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

SCENE IV.

POTEMKIN PROTONOTARY.

POTEMKIN.

WHAT think you, Potemkin, of the happy dream?

That I, the great man, should be so happy?

Gods! I am sure in my thoughts, and

No more, when I am alone, I can be so.

But shall Potemkin be so?

That's not the matter.

This may you meet with your son and me.

For I am sure, when I am alone, I can be so.

To such a happy dream, I am sure, I can be so.

That I, the great man, should be so happy?

Gods! I am sure in my thoughts, and

No more, when I am alone, I can be so.

But shall Potemkin be so?

That's not the matter.

This may you meet with your son and me.

For I am sure, when I am alone, I can be so.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.